

THE TIMES.

VOL. IV. No. 32.

GREENSBORO, N. C. for the Week Ending AUGUST 13, 1859.

{ Whole No. 185

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

O, I Love my Pretty Darling!

BY A. PERRY SPERRY.

O, I love my pretty darling,
For she hath a queenly air,
And her hair in wavy ringlets,
Shades a brow surpassing fair—
And her laugh is like soft music.
And her breath is like the breeze,
When summer flowers give perfume,
And the blossoms deck the trees.

O, I love my pretty darling,
For her eyes are brighter far
Than the diamonds of Golconda;
Or the evening's brightest star;
Her lips are like twin roses,
And when they part, disclose
A row of teeth beneath them,
Like snow drops in a rose.

And I fold her to my bosom,
And while she trembles there,
I look upon her beauty;
And my heart beats wild with fear;
With fear! that God will take her—
Too soon to worlds on high—
For to me she is too sweet to live,
Too beautiful to die.

N. Y., June, 1859.

Our Historical Gallery.

Sketches of the Presidents.

FIFTEENTH—JAMES BUCHANAN.

JAMES BUCHANAN, 15th president of the United States, was born at a place called Stony Batter, in Franklin co., Penn., April 22, 1791. His father, James Buchanan, emigrated to the United States from the county of Donegal, Ireland, in the year 1783; his mother was Elizabeth Spear, daughter of a respectable farmer of Adams co., Penn. The father commenced life as a hardy pioneer, but, by successful industry, soon acquired that competency which enabled him to give his son a classical education. Mr. Buchanan graduated at Dickinson college, Carlisle, in 1809, with high honor. In December of that year he commenced the study of law in the office of James Hopkins, of Lancaster, and was admitted to the bar November 17, 1812, being then little more than 21 years old. A lawyer of more than 4 years' standing, and not over 25 years of age, he successfully defended, unaided by senior counsel, in the session of 1816-'17 of the Pennsylvania senate, a distinguished judge, who was tried upon articles of impeachment. His practice increased with his reputation, his professional business accumulated, and his name occurs often in the "Reports" of the state than that of any other lawyer of his time; thus he found himself, at the age of 40, enabled to retire from the profession. Once only after his retirement could he be prevailed upon to reappear at the bar, and that was in an action of ejectment, which involved the only litigation of a widow. The case was surrounded by great technical difficulties, but Mr. Buchanan succeeded in establishing the widow's title.

At the age of 23 Mr. Buchanan became a member of the Pennsylvania legislature. In the progress of the war of 1812 between the United States and England, the British had taken and destroyed the public buildings at Washington. This act caused a feeling of general indignation throughout the country. At a public meeting in Lancaster, Mr. Buchanan, though a federalist, made an appeal in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war, while he himself headed a list of volunteers to march to the defence of Baltimore. The company was commanded by Judge Henry Shippin, Mr. Buchanan willingly taking the position of private soldier. They marched to Baltimore under the command of Major Charles Sterett Ridgely, but their services not being required, they were there honorably discharged. In the legislature, to which he was elected in October, 1814, he sup-

ported every measure of national defense. When Philadelphia was threatened, and the state of Pennsylvania was obliged to depend on her own resources for the means of repelling the British forces, Mr. Buchanan made the most urgent appeals to the patriotism of the legislature to adopt efficient measures of relief. Being reelected to the legislature in 1815, he gave his ardent support to a bill, which was passed, appropriating the sum of \$300,000 as a loan to the United States, to pay the militia and volunteers of the state in the U. S. service.

In 1820, at the age of 29, Mr. Buchanan entered congress. He made several speeches during this session and took a high position as a debater and politician.

His first elaborate speech was in support of federal authority, on a deficiency in the military appropriation. He also made speeches on the bankrupt law and the tariff question. Mr. Buchanan expressed the views on this latter question, which he has ever since entertained, to wit: that duties ought to be raised merely for revenue, though in the indirect operation of a tariff of duties, certain necessary domestic manufactures may be more benefited than others. "I confess," he said, when the debate had taken a sectional turn, "I never did expect to hear inflammatory speeches of this kind within these walls, which ought to be sacred to Union. I never did expect to hear the East counseling the South to resistance, that we might thus be deferred from prosecuting a measure of policy urged upon us by

the necessities of the country. If I know myself, I am a politician neither of the East nor of the West, of the North nor of the South. I therefore shall forever avoid any expressions, the direct tendency of which must be to create sectional jealousies, sectional divisions, and, at length, disunion, that worst and last of all political calamities."

Mr. Buchanan was reelected to congress each successive term, until in 1831, at the close of his fifth term, he voluntarily withdrew; but was soon afterward selected by General Jackson as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg. In this capacity, he concluded the first commercial treaty between the United States and Russia, which secured to our merchants and navigators important privileges in the Baltic and Black seas.

In 1833, on his return from St. Petersburg, Mr. Buchanan was elected to the United States senate. Having taken a prominent part in electing General Jackson President, Mr. Buchanan came to his aid during the session of congress in which such extreme animosity was exhibited against his administration.

During the session of 1835-'36, the element of slavery was introduced into national politics. At this early stage, Mr. Buchanan took very decided grounds upon the subject, and wished to stifle the agitation in the bud, by some act of congress which should prevent the question of slavery from being raised and discussed in that body. "I repeat," said Mr. Buchanan, "that I intended to make as strong a motion in this case as the circumstances would justify. It is necessary that we should use every

constitutional effort to suppress the agitation which now disturbs the land. This is necessary as much for the happiness and future prospects of the slaves as for the security of the master. Before this storm began to rage, the laws in regard to slaves had been really ameliorated by the slaveholding states; they enjoyed many privileges which were unknown in former times.

In some of the slave states prospective and gradual emancipation was publicly and seriously discussed. But now, thanks to the efforts of the abolitionists, the slaves have been deprived of these privileges, and, while the integrity of the Union is endangered, their prospect of final emancipation is delayed to an indefinite period.

ject being the purchase of Cuba by the American government at a price which no other nation but the people of the United States would be willing to pay for it, and which should enable Spain to extricate herself from her financial embarrassments.

Mr. Buchanan returned to the United States in April, 1856. The common council of the city of New York tendered him the hospitalities of the city, and his whole journey thence to Lancaster, Penn., his home, resembled a triumphal march. The democratic convention, which assembled in Cincinnati in June following, nominated him unanimously for the presidency, and he was elected; receiving 174 electoral votes from 19

states. Immediately even the legal opinions of the Attorney General. His exercise is taken in the evening, after which he returns to his office or the drawing-room, and either fulfills private appointments or receives company until ten o'clock."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

"YOURS RESPECTFULLY."

BY PONINGOE.

I was sitting in my office one hot August afternoon, half asleep and half awake, in that condition of mind which borders on unconsciousness, when I came the post-man and laid a letter addressed to me on my desk. Now, no one would be so foolish as to argue that there is anything extraordinary in receiving an ordinary letter, and I can assure you, that I don't want to be an exception to the rule by arguing thus foolishly. But there was something in the externals of this letter that struck me as being extraordinary, if not more so. For instance, in the upper right-hand corner, where the stamp should have been, was a perfect miniature picture of a skull-and-cross-bones. Now, you'll admit that that fact, in itself, was rather more than ordinary. The idea of such a thing! A skull-and-cross-bones stamped upon the envelope of a letter. What it meant I could not conceive. I scratched my head (a very wise thing for anybody to do when in a quandary)—I scuffled my memory over and over again, in the endeavor to discover, if possible, whether I had ever done any one a mortal injury, or a real injury of any nature, but to no purpose. True, I did remember that I had, years long before, given a pretty little girl (Sally Dusenbury) "the sack," but, then, she was married, and had been for the last ten years, and, therefore, I didn't believe that she could have anything so serious against me as to even think of a skull-and-cross-bones, let alone the painting of them on the buff envelope I was holding in my spasmodic fingers.

The events of the country—the filibustering expeditions—the Kansas difficulty—the Mormon rebellion, &c.—are known to our readers too well to require notice here. Though Mr. Buchanan never married, yet he wears his honors with dignity and composure. And having had the pleasure of meeting with him on the occasion of his visit to North-Carolina this summer, we can bear testimony of the faithful representation of our portrait.

The following from a Washington correspondent will give some idea of President Buchanan's routine of life:

"He is exacting in the department of discipline and like Nelson, expected every man to do his duty. He works systematically after his fashion ten or twelve hours a day, and is by no means pleased when members of the cabinet are absent. No former President ever explored details in the same manner, and this may be one of the reasons why he is subjected to so many small annoyances, and bears so much personally that had better come through a preparatory school.

"The door of his reception room is thrown open regularly at one o'clock, except on cabinet days, then a promiscuous crowd by a sort of conventional courtesy of precedence, tell their griefs, expand upon their services, and submit their applications. The scene is generally amusing, but some sad episodes of privation and distress often tinge these unceremonious receptions, at which everybody walks in unannounced, and waits for his turn as in the line at a post-office. No introductions are required, and no formality is observed, except when the gentler sex appears, when Mr. Buchanan rises to offer civility. Otherwise he is seated with a sort of Dignissim ear to receive everything that may be thrown in. He is a man of methodical habits, of Conestoga constitution, and robust health. He rises early, breakfasts early, reads the papers, and then sits down to work more methodically and laboriously than any one thousand dollar clerk in the departments. It is to be said that he reads every paper connected with the public business which may be submitted to his inspection, and very often dissent from the reports made by his secretaries, and



JAMES BUCHANAN.

spite of the knife-clutching and blunderbus-pointing hands, I was compelled to close my eyes. In this condition I continued, and it was now midnight, for I had heard the clock of Old Trinity grumble twelve times, but a minute or two before.

But—oh, my heart and gizzard, how they thumped—there was a hand on the door-knob. The flying envelopes stamped with ‘death-heads’ were, as if by necronomic power, changed into catechisms and prayer books, and the threatening hands, one into a weeping sister and the other into a mourning brother. I was now sure that I stood in the same platform of existence as the ‘retired physician’—that ‘my sands of life’ were almost run out! The cold sweat was not now confined to my forehead—it spread all over me, and I was in a condition only one remove from the agony of rheumatism.

The knob turned, and as the door opened—for it did open—I slid off the lounge under the table, all the time trying to be as religious as possible. Down came the furniture which I had placed against the door, and as it hadn’t far to fall, but little noise occurred. And then I heard some one enter the room. A moment after another came in. Not a word was exchanged between them.—I gave myself up for dead. I pictured myself murdered, and, at the same time, imagined my body surrounded by a curious crowd, including the coroner and his jury. This picture continued to haunt me for some moments, when hearing the door shut, the picture was blurred out, and listening I heard retreating footsteps in the hall.

The Gods be praised! the assassins had not discovered me, and, once more, I began to feel slightly comfortable—uncomfortably so. ‘But they will return, perhaps,’ I muttered, and so I concluded to remain under the table till morning.

To be in fear is to be in purgatory. If you don’t believe, just wait until you receive a letter endorsed with a skull-and-cross-bones. You’ll know so, then.

At last I nervously crawled out from under the table. The sunshine was streaming into the office, and seemed to fall, as if in partiality, upon my book-case.

Christopher Columbus Potts!—I don’t like to swear stronger than that—every volume of my library was *non est*. I turned and looked at the letter which had so aggrieved me, and found it *busted*. I snatched it up and read as follows:

“Dear Joseph: The Smithsons have arrived. They came by the 3 p. m. train, yesterday. We are to have a jollification to-night, and you mustn’t fail to be on hand. The girls are as full of life and jocund as pretty as ever. Don’t fail to come by eight o’clock. I’ll always be Yours respectfully,

AUNT MARY.

If a stream of lava had gushed from a cloud and swallowed me up at that moment, I don’t believe I would have kicked against it. I considered myself, very wisely, a fool, and felt as if I could have received just then, a myriad of letters, each one stamped on all sides, in and out, with skulls and cross-bones. Some little imp of a post-office clerk had, doubtless, done the thing by way of joke.

And those who had visited my office were burglars—Knights of the ‘Junny’ and skeleton-key. My books were ‘*swampibus non est combatibus*’ (that’s excellent Latin). My Blackstone, my Bacon, (I don’t mean *port*), my Clatty, my Kent, my Story, my everything was gone, and as the reality gave my mind a serious nudge, I am obliged to say that I came very near (how near I will not say) giving expression to some words of a warmer nature than Christopher Columbus Potts.

Then, there was the letter, and Aunt Mary—she died a number of years since and left me a snug little pile, which I have snugly funded ever since with real affection. And the Smithsons—they were in town, and, as for myself, I was a downright fool. However, what was done could not be ‘undid,’ so I hastily locked the office, rushed to a *roast-erant* and made as much as possible of a sirloin steak. That evening found me at Aunt Mary’s paying particular attention to Nellie Smithson. Every once in a while imagination would present to my mind a skull-and-cross-bones, but I could afford to feel comfortable now, and before the night had run into the ‘wee sma’ hours’ I had a promise from Nellie that she would become Mrs. Joseph Jones before the next Christmas. She kept her promise—her name is Nellie Jones now. If you don’t believe it, just call, when you can make it convenient, at No—St. Mark’s Place, and I will take great pleasure in letting you kiss the prettiest, sweetest pair of twins that ever rolled a hoop or played ‘baby-house.’ As for Nellie, you may shake hands with her, and no more, so that you may keep within the limits of

YOURS RESPECTFULLY,

Never neglect a friend.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Dire.

BY MATILDA.

By the dark blue river,
Where the aspens quiver
In the morning breeze—
Sleeping ‘neath the roses
Annie Lee reposes,
Far beyond the seas.

When the morning early
Came, with dew drops pearl-like
Breaking o’er the lea;
Annie Lee was lying—
On my bosom dying,
Dying! close to me.

And when through the curtain
Came the dim uncertain
Moonlight on her bed,
I kneel wildly weeping,
For my love was sleeping,
Sleeping! with the dead.

But amid my sorrow,
Still I said to-morrow,
We shall meet again;
Meet no more to sever,
Free from grief forever—
Free from toil and pain.

Lo! beside the river,
Where the aspens quiver,
Annie Lee was laid;
Free from sorrow sleeping,
Where the winds are sweeping
Through the aspen shade.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The French Classics.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

SELECT WORKS OF FENELON.

In the literary galaxy of France there is no more illustrious name than that of FENELON; no author whose works are more universally read and admired than his. Not like one of the many meteoric writers who suddenly rose above the literary horizon of France, and, for the time being, eclipsed all other writers, and then, suddenly disappeared and were forgotten, but rather like a fixed star, occupying a distinguished position in the heavens, shedding a sweet, serene and perpetual effulgence over all, was FENELON. All his works are distinguished by the evidences of Christian piety, humility and love of truth and which were the leading characteristics of the man, and which illumine the golden pages of his works, like rays of living light. When we think of him in the palace of the great emperor, Louis the Fourteenth, surrounded by that very Court from which Roche福ow could draw his celebrated maxims—the very spot, perhaps, above all others on the face of the earth distinguished and disgraced by selfishness, hypocrisy and intrigues, it reminds us of a seraph sent on a divine commission into the abodes of the lost; and when we recollect that in that atmosphere he composed his *Telma*, we doubt whether the records of the world furnish stronger evidence of the power of a divine virtue to turn temptations into glory and strength, and to make even crowned and prosperous vice a means of triumph and exaltation.”

With the same strong feelings of personal kindness and admiration with which we regard Goldsmith in English literature we express our esteem and regard for Fenelon. His works, says Dr. Channing, have the great charms of coming fresh from the soul. He wrote from experience, and hence, though he often speaks in language which must seem almost a foreign one to men of the world, yet he always speaks in a tone of reality. That he has excesses we mean not to deny, but they are of a kind which we regard with more than indulgence, almost with admiration. Fenelon saw far into the lurking of self-love. He looked with a piercing eye through the disguise of sin; but he knew sin, not as most men do, by bitter experience of its power, so much as by his knowledge and experience of virtue. Deformity was revealed to him by his refined perceptions and intense love of moral beauty. The light which he carried with him into the dark corners of the human heart, and by which he laid open its most hidden guilt, was that of celestial goodness. Hence, though the severest of censors, he is the most pitying. Not a tone of asperity escapes him. He looks on human error with an angel’s tenderness, with tears which an angel might shed, and thus reconciles and binds us to our race, at the very moment of revealing its corruptions.”

The most popular of all of Fenelon’s works is *The adventures of Telma*, a work which is as universally read and admired as Robinson Crusoe, and is to be found, or rather it should be found upon the first shelf of every family library. The adventures of Telma, the son of Ulysses, of whom Homer so eloquently and majestically sings in the *Odyssey*, is one of the most entertaining books in French literature. This work, in reading which we have spent so many pleasant hours, is here published in becoming style, for the first time in America, as the first volume of the works of Fenelon now in course of publication by Messrs. DERRY & JACKSON, of New York, as a part of their new series of “French Classics.” This volume is composed of *Lamartine’s Life of Fenelon*; an *Essay on the Genius and Character of Fenelon* by M. Ville-

main; a collection of Critical Opinions upon Fenelon and his works by various authors, such as Hallam, Blair, and Channing; a Bibliographical notice, and *The Adventures of Telma*, translated by Dr. Hawkesworth. The translation, although excellent, was compared, every word with the original in the editions of Lefevre by Mr. O. W. WIGHT, the indefatigable editor of this excellent series of “Classics.” His corrections amount to thousands; and as it here appears, it is the most perfect translation ever made. It contains the very spirit of the original: a work of such imperishable fame as to render comment unnecessary. We shall, at this time but call the attention of our readers to the fact of the appearance of this volume, reserving, until a future number, a lengthy review of Fenelon and his works. The introductory matter included in this volume, so carefully and ably edited by Mr. WIGHT, is worth more than the price of the volume. If this volume is but an earnest of what the series is to be, and from the assurances by the editor and publishers, we are led to believe it is, then we are free to say that it is the most important and valuable series of works that has issued from the American press in a long time. As we said in our notice of Montaigne, the series is to comprise the choice works of all the most eminent writers in general literature of France; and the excellent style in which these volumes are issued, render them a very desirable acquisition. The Editor by his indefatigable labors in preparing this edition of Fenelon has almost inseparably connected his name with that of the author of *Telma*.

PASCAL’S WORKS.

The first volume of the works of BLAISE PASCAL, containing the *Provincial Letters*, which have a world-wide reputation, has also been just issued, as a portion of this series of “French Classics.” In addition to the *Provincial Letters*, of which we intend to express our opinion at length, by and by, this volume contains a lengthy article on the Life, Genius and Discoveries of Pascal, a capital article on “Pascal considered as a Writer and a Moralist,” by M. Villemain; an Historical Introduction to the *Provincial Letters*, by Rev. Thomas McCrie; and a Bibliographical Notice; thus throwing open the main subject of the volume, all the light which contemporaneous history and criticism afford, and which is necessary to a full and complete understanding and appreciation of the “Letters.” The volume, therefore, is complete in and of itself; and of itself affords the strongest evidences of the ability and good sense of the Editor, Mr. O. W. WIGHT, in preparing the same for the American reading public. It was apparent to his mind that something more was necessary for readers on this side of the Atlantic than a mere reprint of a translation of the *Provincial Letters*, written in the middle of the 17th century, and, aiming to make this edition the *Standard* American edition of this sterling work, he set himself to work and revised the translation and corrected its errors, and accompanied it with such articles, from able pens, as will render it readily comprehensible to readers of all classes, and not only comprehensible, but investing the original work with a degree of interest else unattainable. The Introductory matter alone in this volume, as in the above mentioned volume of Fenelon’s works, is worth double the price of the entire volume. And upon a careful examination of the work, we could not consent to have any one of the articles herein included, omitted. We seriously doubt that this work could be got out in a better style or shape, not only as relates to the literary portion, but to the part which the publishers have performed in its publication. The translation is good, the editorial portion has been performed in a capital manner, while the style in which the publishers (Messrs. DERRY & JACKSON) have issued it, could scarcely be excelled. It is an admirable volume in all respects and will undoubtedly be popular in this country.

The “Provincial Letters” were occasioned by a dispute between the Jesuits and the Jansenists of the Church of Rome in 1656 concerning *Grace*. Pascal, the author of the “Letters” was of the Jansenists, who not only rejected, but very justly ridiculed the Jesuitical notions of *actual grace*. These Letters are principally addressed to the Jesuitical “Fathers,” and constitute in themselves, one of the ablest specimens of ecclesiastical criticism to be found anywhere. They were immensely popular all the time of their publication, and produced no small degree of confusion and dismay in the souls of the Jesuits. As an exposé of the “peculiar institution” of the Jesuits, these Letters have always been a favorite with all those who differ from that sect in religious views and opinions. But as we intend to make PASCAL the subject of a more elaborate review upon the appearance of his “Thoughts” we will pass this excellent volume over to our readers with our request that they procure and read it attentively. It is a work peculiarly adapted to the wants of American citizens, and will teach them something concerning the order of Jesuits which in no place can be found treated so ably as in this volume.

Read it. Price in Muslin \$1 25, in sheep library style \$1 50.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

NO FANCY SKETCH.

Though no officious intermeddler, in the peculiar opinions of others, nor disposed to question the premises, from which specific deductions are drawn, yet I must beg to intrude on your readers in an effort to correct improper conclusions likely to be drawn, from an article appearing in your issue of the 30th July, under the above caption. “Pee Dee,” indulges in a series of strictures with no “local habitation,” yet sufficiently pointed, to designate this identity, and which if uncorrected are calculated to do a palpable wrong to a portion of the ladies of this community. He who could deliberately and maliciously propagate such a wilful perversion of facts, or cast so unmerited a stiletto, upon those kindly sympathies which ever characterize the true woman, must possess a heart black as Erebus, and insensitive to those sentiments of high chivalric honor, which designate the courteous gentleman. Take it for granted that “Pee Dee” be a “true chronicler” of actual occurrences by what sort of impulses could he be actuated, thus wantonly to inflict a covert injury on unprotected females—herald to the world his perverted opinions of their conduct; indulge in unjust criticisms upon sentiment which he is incapable of appreciating or understanding. Let facts speak for themselves. Some few weeks ago a Lady, having been for a series of months an invalid, under the advice of her physician, and the counsels of friends, left her home in Eastern Carolina, hoping amid our Western hills and salubrious and invigorating climate, her disease might be arrested, and the rose tint of health once more return to her pallid cheek. She came to the Hotel at our place, accompanied by her husband, mother and two female servants. A sufficient coterie of nurses to render her all the necessary assistance and minister to her every comfort. Her object was to secure rest and quiet, and obviate the difficulties which invalids frequently encounter, from the kind, though inconsistent visits of their friends. The ladies of the house tendered their services, soon after her arrival—which were kindly appreciated but respectfully declined, her immediate friends being apprehensive that the ministrations of strangers might alarm and injure the patient. Time wore on, disease was draining the fountains of her life—its deceptive flattery ceased to quiet the alarm of friends, a crisis was evidently rapidly approaching. This was more clearly seen by strangers, than those who had watched her gradual decline for months. The ladies of the Hotel again offered their services—they were accepted: and I will hazard the assertion, that rarely if ever in any public hotel in North Carolina, has any invalid ever received a more kind and considerate attention from strangers than in this instance. There was no ostentatious display in those kind ladies who were ministering their deeds of charity, to affliction, and endeavoring to strew with the flowers of sympathy and consolation an afflicted sister’s downward pathway to the tomb. So quietly were these acts of mercy rendered that they might have escaped the observations of Pee Dee who does not tell you that he professed the offices of the good Samaritan himself, but coldly passed on the other side, and Diogenes like gave vent in spleenetic criticism on the conduct of others.

There was a dancing school in progress in the same building at the time of this lady’s arrival and during the early portion of her sojourn. This would have been discontinued or removed but for the repeated assurance of the invalid upon interrogator, that it gave her no discomfort whatever, but rather the distant music gave her pleasure. As to the exhalation of a dutiful little daughter overwhelmed with grief, seeking in the last sad hours of a loved mother’s life, to obtain from her a last recognition of parental affection, is a solemn scene often witnessed by those familiar with affliction and family bereavement. But the idea that an emaciated sufferer, in wandering delirium, on the borders of the grave should thus be left alone with a sleepy servant is simply an untruth. Several ladies were sitting around her couch of suffering, among them an aged mother weeping in sad sorrow over a dying daughter, and all witnessed this touching scene of filial devotion.

“Pee Dee” doubtless in his hasty efforts to pass this chamber of sorrow gave but a passing glance within, and satisfied that the other occupants of the Hotel were actuated by the same dread alarm of disease, and anxious to get beyond the sad meannings of a delirious sufferer, and when in the narrow confines of his own chamber, his affrighted fancy conjured up from the “vasty deep” those sad ghosts of “poor fallen human nature,” which gave so much point and pith to “No Fancy Sketch.” It is true that until the last sad hours of the invalid, few of those not living in the Hotel itself tendered their services to minister to her wants. And Why? Few of them even knew there was one there needing assistance, and if so, there were enough in the house to render every assistance requisite. But what were the impressions of these strangers who were victims to this perverted condition of christian society? They were persons of intelligence, wealth, and accustomed to all the appliances of comfort which kind friends, and abundant means can always command. Did the surviving Mother and bereaved husband return to their distant home, bearing the sad remains of a loved daughter and dear wife for sepulture? Did they in return to their home, deeply impressed with the consummate hypocrisy of human nature? Let them speak for themselves. The husband on his return in a Note to a lady expresses his and the Mother’s thanks to herself and the other ladies, and manifests a deep feeling of gratitude, for their kindness to his poor wife and family during their temporary and afflictive sojourn. They saw, felt and appreciated the many acts of kindness bestowed upon them by strangers. Not like “Pee Dee” to stand aloof himself, and criticise the errors of others, endeavoring to discharge a humane duty. This is a general statement of facts as they actually occurred, about which your correspondent would impress the world that the women of this part of our old State are so derelict in the discharge of a well recognized christian duty. Had he stood over the couch of that emaciated sufferer—heard her in her lucid intervals professing her gratitude to those who were endeavoring by acts of kindness, to soften her dying pillow, and alleviate the pangs of the final hour, he would have emerged from that chamber of sorrow a wiser if not a better man. He would there in the practical exemplification of a christian’s life and death, learned sufficient charity to modify and soften the asperities of his critique on the frailties of woman. I have been familiar with affliction, disease and suffering in all its chameleon hues, I saw the last sad scene of this stranger invalid, I witnessed the last dread struggle of expiring nature. I was familiar with the kind offices of charity and consolation ministered by the ladies around her—their lonely and constant vigils—their soothing words of sympathy, their careful and tender nursing—and I found them there, as I have ever done in such positions, true to the instincts of woman’s nature, and ever ready to respond to affliction’s call.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

COMPANY SHOPS, AUGUST 4th 1859.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SABBATH LETTERS.

DEAR TIMES:—How sweetly the stillness of the Sabbath comes to the heart—tired and weary of the toils of the week; weariness and care steals away and we sink as it were, into an ocean of perfect rest.

Dear hallowed days—they are the cool, green bowers strown along life’s dusty way-side, where toil-worn pilgrims can sit down and rest, drinking freely of the refreshing water springing from the well of life, and eating of that bread which comes from Heaven. Thus week after week strength is gathered for our onward journey; week after week we sit down to rest in the bower of an earthly Sabbath, and soon we shall enter that Sabbath of perpetual rest, that lies beyond the toil-bound sabbaths of time and then we shall know the full meaning of our Father’s commandment “remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.” Ah! how many of us do our own pleasure and think our own thoughts, on this blessed day.—How many of us forget that our Father, God, rested the seventh day and hallowed it; and how few regard the words, coming down in thunder tones from the summit of Mount Sinai: “Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,” “six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth and rested the seventh day, wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it.”

MATILDA.

JEFFERSON COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.—The fifty-ninth commencement of this institution, located at Canonsburg, Pa., took place on the 3d inst. The annual address was delivered by Gassius M. Clay, of Kentucky. The degree of A. M. was conferred upon the following alumni:—W. W. Hays, of Harrisburg, Pa.; A. G. Wilson, of Morgantown, Va.; J. S. Pomeroy, of Fairview, Va., and others. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on A. R. Byerly, of the Lancaster Normal Institute, and others.

A CITIZEN OF THE REIGN STAMP.—We learn from the Cassville Standard that Col. Warren Aiken has succeeded in raising a fund of ten thousand dollars for the education of poor young men in Cassville Male College. He now proposes to raise the sum of twenty thousand dollars, in addition to the above, for the education of poor young ladies in the Female College, of which sum he will give one thousand. It is men of Mr. Aiken’s stamp who give character and glory to a State—not the mouthing politicians who mouth so much about the interests of the dear people and attend to their own.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, VA., }
Aug. 5th, 1859.
The Springs—What people do there—Gaities, &c., &c.

Just now the beauty and fashion of all the Atlantic cities, but more especially of the Federal Capital, seem concentrated among the picturesque and healthful mountains which encompass the region of the Virginia mineral springs. The season is now at its height and each separate resort is crowded to its utmost capacity. At present the White Sulphur is far more patronized than any other, so much so indeed that the accommodations here are far from being of that complete and comfortable description which is so great a desideratum with those seeking health or pleasure away from home during the summer months. About thirteen hundred guests are now here, but it is thought that before the end of next week at least one half that number will have taken their departure for the more quiet retreats which are scattered in various directions around this great center of summer gaiety. Among the watering places which I hear very highly praised by those who have visited them, the most prominent are the Red Sweet and the old Sweet Springs, situated in Allegany Co., about sixteen miles from this place. Perhaps some of your readers who are not in the habit of paying a yearly visit to the mineral region, may be curious to learn how the *beau monde* contrives to kill time here; to these a rough sketch of the routine may prove interesting.—Breakfast is at eight o'clock and the sharp morning air generally suffices to give an edge to the appetites even to the most fastidious invalids. Immediately after breakfast the guests disperse in groups about the shady slopes of the mountains enjoying the magnificent landscapes which present themselves on every side to the eye. Soon afterwards they revel in the luxury of the mineral bath, which is universally acknowledged to be powerfully medicinal in its qualities. After the bath it is necessary to arrange one's toilet for dinner, which, by the way, is esteemed the most important event of the day.—During the afternoon the ladies pass much of the time in the parlors listening to music or engaged in a social chat. After supper dancing commences almost immediately and continues until the tired participants choose to retire. The young especially have a merry time of it.

A telegram from Washington informs me that the President has concluded his visit to Bedford. Before you hear from me again I will have returned to the Metropolis to glean whatever of interest may be transpiring there.

Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 8th.

The extraordinary revival in Ireland—Father Chiniquy, his persecutions—The Election, its results—Trouble in the mail-bags—The Baptist Church—Rain and the Crops—Typhoid fever.

Dear Times:—We have so long and so often talked of War and its ever attendant horrors, that we most gladly turn now to "fair, delightful Peace;" she hath her victories, more glorious than his. One of the most extraordinary developments we have any where read of is at present in progress in Ireland; ground down to the dust, as she has long been, bound hand and foot by popish superstition, a load of oppression, the growth of centuries of misrule, weighing on her heart and the dark cloud of ignorance, veiling her eyes, she has yet found vitality enough to break the bonds of slumber and arise in her might to "newness of life." The meeting at Belfast of forty thousand people in prayer meeting, lifting up their united voices in prayer and thanksgiving to God has never been equalled, since the Christian Era. It is certain that good results have sprung from the Prayer meetings in this country and we may hope something of the same sort for "Old Ireland;" it must be terrible work for the soldiers of the Church militant there, with such tremendous odds against them to stand up and do battle against the assembled hosts of Satan, in one of his proudest strongholds; these devoted men ought to have the prayers of all Christian people; for this purpose the Baptist Church throughout the South appointed and set apart this last week specially for prayer meetings; what a spectacle! one portion of Christ's flock praying, as one man for the erring sheep.

Among the celebrities recently in New York we mention Father Chiniquy, formerly a Roman Catholic priest in Canada; the facts in this case deserve the careful study of every class of your readers; they develop in the most astounding manner the tyranny and oppression of the Romish Church. This brave man, contrary to the tenets of that body, dared to

encourage his flock in reading the Bible and in consequence he and his whole congregation, after suffering much persecution, fled to the United States, where to the number of about five thousand, they are now settled, in Illinois we believe.—Still Rome, true to her very nature, has never ceased her persecutions; on this soil, not daring as of old to seize and torture his body, she uses the civil power and torments her victim by all the means and appliances known to the law. Worn down by trials and costs fines and fees the poor man is near his wit's end and now he comes among his happier fellow citizens, begging that of their abundance each may contribute his mite to rescue his little church from the fangs of the spoiler and enable him to feed his tender flock in peace, and speak to them the word of Life "in the tongue in which they were born."

Election day here passed off so quietly that many persons scarcely believe it has come, there was not the slightest degree of excitement, with either party, and on a public day our streets have rarely been so little frequented or so little noise heard; throughout the district we suppose pretty much the same state of things was evident. The two contestants were democrats, Mr. Branch supporting his famous "Thirty million Bill," and Mr. Saunders opposing him on that ground. In the first District the contest was very warm, but it is generally admitted that Smith, Whig, has beaten Shaw, the late member, and that Leach, Whig, is elected over scales, also a member; so if Gilmer and Vance are elected as is most probable, the Opposition have gained two members of Congress; quite a good day's work.

There seems to be some difficulty in communicating with Asheville, from this place. Our Bank officers are unable to get their letters through to their destination; in several instances they have succeeded by directing them in a feigned hand and only by this means have they reached their destination. It is supposed that some artful rogue, somewhere on the line, keeps watch for what he supposes may be valuable letters and steals and destroys them; nothing of any very great value has yet been taken, but the interruption is amazing. The matter deserves the attention of the Department.

The Roman Catholics of this City have bought the "old Baptist Church" for \$2250. The new church is not quite finished, but it is expected that it will be ready for occupation before the Fall. Some difficulty has been experienced in making the roof water-tight, on account of the immense quantity of rain, which has fallen lately; in fact on a recent occasion the church was flooded. A week ago a couple of ladies strolled in to view the structure; while they were in the basement the attendant passed by, innocently locked the door and walked off with the key; the visitors soon made their situation known and were pulled up by a gentleman, who heard their cries.

We have within the last week been blessed with most magnificent rains; they will do an immense amount of good in our immediate neighborhood, but in many sections the crops are too far gone to be retrieved by any amount; those here and Weldon the corn and tobacco are ruined in a great measure.

There are several cases of typhoid fever among and around us; it is a dreadful disease, requiring the most unremitting care and attention. N. J. Myatt, Esq., an enterprising farmer of this vicinity after a long attack, during which his friends several times flattered themselves with hopes of his recovery, last week fell a victim to the scourge. Yours &c., P. S. S.

COMMENCEMENT OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.—The commencement exercises of St. John's College were held at McDowell Hall, Annapolis, Md., on the 8d inst. The address before the Alumni was delivered by the Hon. H. H. Goldsborough, of Talbot county, and the Master's oration by Marshall Chapman, of Charles county. The following is a list of the graduates:

William Hersey Hopkins, of Annapolis, who delivered the valedictory; James E. Richardson, of Anne Arundel county; Thomas St. George Pratt, of Annapolis; John R. Brown, of Howard county; Adolphus T. Pendle, of Annapolis; John W. Brewer, of Annapolis; Richard R. Goodwin, of Annapolis; Dennis G. Handy, of Annapolis; Jefferson D. Leker, of St. Mary's county.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon the graduating class of 1856, viz: Marshall Chapman, Ham'd Claude, Philip G. Clayton, John A. Conner, Louis G. Gassaway, Thomas B. Kent, William G. Ridout, Alvan C. Wilson.

The honorary degree of Doctor in Laws was conferred upon the Right Rev. Wm. Holliston Whittingham, D. D., and the Hon. Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the United States.

"The Alumni prizes," of fifty and twenty-five dollars, were awarded to Wm. Hopkins, of the Senior class, and Dorsey Thompson, of the Junior class, respectively, for having made the highest attainments in scholarship in their several classes.

Testimonials of excellence were conferred by the principal upon Henry Clay England, Henry Clay Tingue, Alexander N. Lee, Wesley H. Sharp, Ed. Higgins,

J. W. F. Hatton, Joseph Knighton, Lewis Clayton, Harry C. Thompson, John P. Cooke, Robert W. Lusby, Samuel T. McLaughlin, David Stewart, John W. Randal and Rufus Stewart.

COST OF A NEWSPAPER.—We read, a few days since, in one of our exchanges, the remark that it takes nearly one dollar and fifty cents to publish a weekly newspaper. We should think it does. How any paper of usual size can be published for \$1.50, without losing money, we have not yet been able to discover. The secret is yet a sealed book to us.

Papers are springing up all over the country, and in order to force out a circulation, offer their issues at subscription prices ruinous to themselves, and injurious to their contemporaries. Thus the business of journalism, in localities where newspapers can be supported, under ordinary circumstances, is crippled, and to a very great extent, rendered unprofitable. Some men think it is glory and honor enough to have the name of being the editor of a paper. Such usually find out, by waiting, that such honors are empty, and devoid of the capacity to furnish meat and bread for the wife and children. The result is, that very often the enterprise proves a failure, creditors suffer, and the unfortunate adventurer becomes, pecuniarily, a wreck. It takes money to carry on a newspaper, and it takes patronage to bring in money, and that patronage must pay remunerative prices. Where this is not the case, failures will always be the consequence. So much for publishing a newspaper at losing rates.—Exchange.

Free Negroes in the North.

The N. Y. Herald, of last Thursday, devotes a column to an inquiry into the constantly depressing condition of the free negroes of the North, and avers that they are sinking into helpless and hopeless pauperism, and winds up with the following:

"The logical deduction from these facts is, that the Northern States will return to the enactment of the laws establishing negro slavery, and sell all the free negroes into family servitude. Humanity will demand this, to preserve them from being reduced to a state of degradation terrible to contemplate, by the increasing competition of the white race. Policy will require it to save the community from the burden of hundreds of thousands of able-bodied paupers which can make no headway of themselves. The negro himself will ask it, in order that he may be restored to that consideration in society to which he is entitled as a man. They will then be absorbed into our families again as servants, mechanics, husbandmen, and will be relieved from the social ban which now attends them in consequence of their doubtful position and increasing degradation."

Startling as this prediction may appear, remarks the Macon Telegraph, it could find its practical fulfillment in Northern towns without any change in their laws or customs. As paupers, the negroes could be and probably are, annually sold to whoever will accept their services and maintain them at the lowest cost to the town; and the misfortune of the negroes in this case, would be a liability to a change of masters every year. The Herald's proposition for a permanent ownership is much more humane.

THE JEWS IN AMERICA.—From a lecture delivered by Dr. Morris J. Franklin in Providence, on Sunday evening, and reported in the Providence Evening Press, we gather some facts in relation to the Jews in the United States. The Jews in this country, the speaker said, now number two hundred thousand.

The attention of the Jews in Europe is turned towards America, on account of the persecution to which they are subjected in some countries on the continent, and a rapid increase of their numbers here may be expected by immigration. Many Jews in this country are occupying prominent and influential positions in politics and business.—Messrs. Yulee and Benjamin, of the U. S. Senate, and Messrs. Zolliecoffer, Oliver, Phillips and Hart, of the National House of Representatives, are numbered among the children of Abraham. Instead of reading the Scriptures in the Hebrew tongue, understood only as the Rabbi interprets it, many now use the English version. This class have introduced many reforms into their mode of worship—they now have their choirs, their organs, and their Sabbath Schools. The Hebrew Christians, the converted Jews in this country, number three or four hundred, and of this number nearly one hundred are engaged in preaching the Gospel of Christianity, or in a course of study preparatory to doing so.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.—Central Bank Staunton, Va., 5's altered from a broken Tennessee Bank, viz: Battle of New Orleans, cattle on the right, a female on vignette, 5 on left; Commercial Bank, Wilmington, N. C., 5's spurious. Vignette, Neptune in shell, drawn by sea horses; "five" across the left end; steamboat between signatures.

SINGULAR CAVERN.—A cavern has been recently discovered at the White Sulphur Springs of Chittenango, N. Y. The entrance is in the bank, about ten rods north of the spring-house, and about six feet above the level of the road. It has already been explored to a distance of 250 feet, and found to contain a mineral spring. Beautiful transparent crystals have been found in this cave, the entrance to which was only discovered a few weeks ago by a boy looking for bird's nests.

A man named Pridgen was killed at Snow Hill, Greens county, N. C., on the 28th ult., by another named Kennedy. The Jury of Inquest returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide" and Kennedy was discharged. They were fighting about a dog, Pridgen provoking the quarrel.

"YOU MIGHT AS WELL."—A plain old gentleman went with his team to bring home his two sons, two young sprigs, who were soon expected to graduate. While returning, they stopped at a hotel in one of our country towns to dinner. The landlord, struck with the appearance of the two gentlemen, made himself very officious, while he took the old man from his homespun appearance, to be nothing but a driver, and asked them if they wished the driver, to sit at the table with them? "Well, Dick," said the younger aside to his brother, "as it is our father, and it is his team, and he will bear the expense, I think we had better let him eat with us." "Yes, I think so too under the circumstances," he replied. "Yes, landlord, you can give him a place at the table."

HAIL STORM.—The Hawkinsville (Geo.) Times, learns that a very severe hail storm passed over the neighborhood of Mr. Chas. E. Taylor, in that county, one day last week, destroying almost entirely the crops where it went. Mr. Taylor informs the Editor that he had about one hundred and forty acres of cotton totally destroyed, and that quite a large field of corn shared the same fate.

Accounts from Naples state that the volcano at Vesuvius was in active state of eruption. A river of lava, flaming from the crater, was already three miles long, and was destroying orchards and vineyards.

A curious instance of the tact of Chief-Judge Parsons, and of his success with individuals is related by the Hon. Daniel A. White of Salem. A delegate to the Convention objected to the United States Constitution, that it had not the name of God in it from beginning to end. Mr. Parsons told him that the same objection might be brought against one of the canonical books of the Bible. The delegate could hardly believe it, and promised, if it were so, he would give up his objection. He was desired to read the book of Esther, which he did, and voted for the Constitution.

THE LABORS OF THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT.—The August number of the Eclectic Magazine, in speaking of Hon. Edward Everett, gives an account of his labors in connection with the Mount Vernon fund. His Washington Oration was first delivered February 22, 1856, and has been given since then one hundred and twenty-nine times, yielding \$55,783.62. For the "Mount Vernon Papers," in the New York Ledger, he received \$10,000, and in other ways smaller sums, making a contribution to the Mount Vernon fund of \$68,163.56. In addition to his other labors for this object, he has delivered lectures for other benevolent associations, making a total of more than ninety thousand dollars in a little more than three years. It is to be understood, too, that Mr. Everett has traveled many thousand miles, and defrayed all his expenses from his private purse.

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL.—High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.

Rev. N. McR. RAY, Principal, with efficient assistants.

The next Session of this Institution will begin the 1st, Monday in August. Its patronage and prospects are such as to render it probable that we shall not be able to accommodate all applicants with board in the Institution.—Those who desire therefore to board in the Institution would do well to apply soon. Arrangements have been made to accommodate any number in private families. The under-signed and his family dwell in the Institution Instruction is given in all the branches taught in the best Female Institutions. We have apparatus, new pianos &c. The expenses are less than at any other Institution of the same character in the State. Board alone and the English Branches \$40 to \$55 per session. Latin and Greek \$7.50. French \$5. Ornamentals very low. Board and half the tuition required in advance.

30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for tuition until they can teach and pay for it.

Wanted situations for Southern Female Teachers. For full information address,

REV. W. I. LANGDON, Proprietor.

June 27th 1859.

Business Cards.

NEW FIRM.—PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to T. J. PATRICK, Wholesale and Retail DRUGGISTS. Greensboro, N. C. [4-1y]

MARBLE WORKS By GEORGE HEINRICH, Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C. [2-1y]

Orders from a distance promptly filled.

February, 1858. 110:y

WASHINGTON HOTEL. Change of Proprietors. Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating terms.

His Hotel will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The Washington Hotel has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.

January 1st.—1y.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentations speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON, 107f Baltimore, Md.

LOOK AT THIS. R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.

Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 39-1y.

LOOK AT THIS! WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR stock of Spring and Summer Goods. Our entire stock being new and of the latest styles in market, and embracing every variety of dress goods, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also a heavy stock of Domestic Goods for servants' wear. Also a large stock of Shoes, Boots, fine and common Hats, Caps, Children's fancy hats, Ladies' Bonnets, some very handsomely trimmed, and a great variety of fancy articles.

We will still continue to keep our usual stock of Superior Family Groceries, Java, Leguira and Rio Coffees; Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Syrup, Lard, Oils &c., &c.

We are determined to sell for Cash or on Short Time to principal dealers, as cheap or cheaper than they can be bought in this or any other market in N. C. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the Cash Market Price. Examining our stock before you purchase elsewhere.

COLE & AMIS, West Market Street, Greensboro, N. C.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Porter & Gorrell. Successors to T. J. PATRICK, wholesale and retail druggists, are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the Drug Business, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy Stock on hand which has been selected with unusual care we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to Physicians and others who may give us a call.

Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable drugs.

Special attention will be given to orders.

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!! I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

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THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Aug. 13, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT. Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. GUTHRIE, D. D.,
W. H. HUNTER,
J. STARRETT,
Mrs. S. S. STONE, M.
J. WOODWARD, LEWIS,
S. J. C. WHITFIELD,
MARY E. PARSON,
WILLIE E. PARSON,
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ANNA M. RATES,
GRACE MILWOOD,
Mrs. A. M. PARSON,
Dr. J. T. GEO. COOKE,
Mrs. C. HUTCHINS,
GRIFFITH J. MORSE,
and others.

GEO. W. GOTHEIN,
R. G. STAPLES,
STEPHEN F. MILLER,
STEPHEN L. COOPER,
MATILDA C. SMILEY,
FINLEY JOHNSON,
DOROTHY PARSON,
CLARA AUGUSTA,
A. PERRY SPERRY,
DR. J. T. COOKE,
PAUL RIVINWOOD,
Mdm. O. W. LEVERT,
Mrs. C. HUTCHINS,
JULIA SOUTHLAND,
H. A. DWIGHT,
J. C. FITZGERALD
and others.

Webster's Illustrated Dictionary.

PICTORIAL EDITION. AN AMERICAN DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, by Noah Webster, LL.D. Revised and Enlarged by Chauncy A. Goodrich, Professor in Yale College. 1 vol., large quarto. With 1500 Illustrations. Springfield, Mass., G. & C. Merriam, Publishers.

North Carolina is celebrated, among her sister States of the South, for her educational institutions and her educational privileges. Her colleges are rapidly attaining eminence abroad, and Greensboro, as one of her collegiate centers, is fast becoming a town of much interest and importance.

To this State, then, as an integral portion of our common country where the language should be spoken in its utmost purity, the great Lexicon of Noah Webster must reasonably possess a very great interest. No man in the world has done more toward bringing the language to its present state of purity than our indefatigable lexicographer, and this has been done silently, and in the face of as determined opposition as ever set against any man. Perhaps it may not be generally known that the expulsion of the letter k from words like music, publick, etc., and of the letter u from such words as colour, honour, etc., is due solely to Webster; and the equal utility of additional improvements for which his great work contends, even after he himself is no longer with us to point out their significance, is coming to be generally appreciated and accepted. But the mere matter of orthography, important as it is, is not what we wish to refer to particularly in noticing this magnificent edition of Webster's famous work. Its claims on the public favor are now very greatly in advance of those of any former edition, perfect though the work has always been regarded. These improvements consist in—First, the Pictorial Illustrations. These are over fifteen hundred in number, of sufficient size and distinctness to be truly illustrative of the object represented, and executed in excellent style. The great practical value of this feature will be appreciated, as all the ingenuity ever applied to language will often fail to give that idea of a thing which a simple cut will give. Secondly, New Words added to the vocabulary, nearly 10,000 in number, collected with great care since the publication of the last former edition. Thirdly, the Table of Synonyms. Dr. Goodrich has performed this portion of the work admirably, entering into the true idea of such a labor, and showing why resembling words differ slightly in sense, as well as how they differ. Words of like meaning are grouped together, and the exact shades of difference shown, so as greatly to facilitate the precise and accurate use of language. The table is fuller than Crabb's ponderous volume, and much better arranged. Fourthly, A Table giving the pronunciation of over 8000 names of distinguished persons of

modern times. Such names as Agassiz, Guizot, Thiers, D' Tocqueville, etc., will readily occur to the reader, and the practical utility of this unique feature will be speedily demonstrated wherever and whenever it is called into use. We have only enumerated four of the new distinct characteristics of this splendid undertaking; and might add a half-a-dozen more, including the list of names in Scripture, Peculiar use of words and terms, Mottoes of the United States, Abbreviations, Words and Phrases from the Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, etc.

It will be obvious that these numerous and important improvements, when added to the solid excellence of the former editions, must make this far, very far, in advance of any competitor in the field. It is indeed the most perfect form which any Dictionary has ever assumed, and proves that, in the hands of the enterprising publishers, the great monument to Noah Webster's memory is not to be a life-less thing but a growing structure, vigorous and intact. We cannot see, however, where further improvements can be made. The work is complete, exhibiting together such a perfect and extensive exposition of the whole English language as we shall probably never see from any other source.

Already has its success been demonstrated, though but a few weeks have elapsed since its publication. This, however, was to have been expected, as the work is not one of a superfluous character, but one which commands its own purchase. Colleges, Schools, Libraries, Clergymen, Men of Letters, Students, and Private Families must have it. It makes a splendid and substantial volume; the price is but \$6.50, and there is not a purchaser, but will feel that he is amply remunerated for the small outlay before he has the work one week in his possession.

Hon. W. Porcher Miles.

Mr. Miles is the representative from Charleston, South Carolina, in Congress. A Washington correspondent writes of him:

He is, in many respects one of the most marked young men in the country. His entrance into public life, as I learn it, was purely of an accidental character. Some four years ago, when the yellow fever was decimating Norfolk, he was a professor at the Charleston University, scarcely known in that city outside of a limited social circle, with which he was always a great favorite. Reading the terrible accounts of the fatal scourge that was ravaging that devoted city, he determined to volunteer his aid in nursing and attending the sick and afflicted. Under no other obligation than that imposed by a most generous and self-sacrificing philanthropy—not even himself a physician—he departed for Norfolk, where for eight weeks, he spent his entire time in ministering to the wants of his plague-stricken people.

Caring nothing for himself, running a daily risk of contracting the fearful malady, he gave himself up wholly to the work of attending on the sick and stricken. We question whether there are many parallels to this noble and heroic self-sacrifice. He had been but a few months at his labors, on his return to Charleston, when the Know-Nothing excitement rose to its zenith on the approaching municipal election. The Opposition cast about for a long while in vain for some man to rally on for mayor, who could stem the torrent of religious and alien prejudice that had been invoked, and at last determined to call out the young and comparatively unknown Professor, who had lately risked his life in the service of a noble philanthropy. It proved the turning point of his career. He accepted the nomination and went actively into the canvas with odds overwhelmingly against him. He succeeded, however, in beating the Know-Nothings by a handsome majority, and was made mayor at the age of twenty-eight.

The experiment of the unknown young Professor was vindicated, and before twelve months had elapsed, it was conceded that Charleston had never before such a Mayor. He revolutionized the entire police system, and introduced the famous mounted guardsmen. His reforms in the municipal affairs of Charleston are regarded as having been of the highest advantage to the city. Gov. Aiken retiring from Congress, Mr. Miles, a year before the expiration of his mayoralty term, was elected to succeed him, without opposition. He has already served one term, and has been re-elected to the next. During his service in the House he has won the respect, esteem, and affection of all thrown in contact with him, and has earned a solid reputation for ability and eloquence, of which his people ought to be proud.

In New York there has been formed a Young Men's Early Rising Association, all the members of which are pledged to be up at a certain hour. It originated with about half a dozen men, who, having kept up this habit for some years, were surprised at its beneficial effects, and at the success in life of their associates.

Ten thousand revolving rifles are now manufacturing at Col. Colt's armory, in Connecticut, for the British government. These are sufficient to arm six regiments.

Book Binding.

We have just received from J. J. Chapin, binder, of Raleigh, N. C., a number of back volumes of "The Times" most handsomely and substantially bound. Mr. Chapin's card will be found on the last page of this paper, and from the specimen before us of his workmanship, we cordially commend his work to all who may wish to have binding done well and expeditiously.

PERSONAL.

D. BRONSON, an eminent artist, died in Arkansas a few days ago. He was a native of Oneida county, N. Y., and about 52 years of age. The Memphis Appeal says: "He was the companion of Stephens, the traveler, and accompanied him to the Holy Land, and traced the sketches which added so much to the popularity of the great traveler's production.

Mr. Walworth, a wealthy planter from Arkansas, who is one of the old *habitués* of Saratoga, has made a will in which he bequeathed \$50,000 to the State of New York towards founding a hospital for the blind; if the State should refuse to accept it, it is to go to the State of Michigan, and if not accepted by Michigan, it is to go to Ohio. Mr. Walworth is himself blind.

REV. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D., of New York city, died at the White Sulphur Springs, Va., on Sunday last the 31st July. Dr. Alexander is known as one of the most distinguished clergymen connected with the Old School Presbyterian Denomination.

DON MIGUEL DE EMBIL, the wealthy Havana banker and proprietor, who has been residing some time in the city of New York, was married on the 28th ult., at Dr. Cumming's church, in that city, to Donna Angela Quesada de Guerra. The bride is from Puerto Principe, in Cuba, and was educated at the College of the Sacred Heart, in that city. Senor de Embil was born in Mexico, and bears, by descent, the illustrious names of several noble Spanish families, among which are De Embil, De Yzaguirre, De Zuloaga, De Betosolo, De Lizardi, De Echeverria, De Godey, and others.

MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT is to visit Ireland in the autumn, for the purpose of singing in oratories. She intends giving the "Messiah," for the benefit of the Mercer's Hospital, in Dublin.

HERMAN THORNE died in New York Saturday, 30th ultimo, in his seventy-eighth year. Mr. Thorne, we believe, was once a Burser in the U. S. Navy—but a fortune falling to him, he retired from the Navy, and left for Paris, where he resided some 20 years, and where, during the reign of Louis Philippe, he was high in the then foreign fashionable world. His horses, his equipage, his dinners were at one time the theme of Parisian writers, and American wonder—and it was said that no man ever lived who knew better how to organize, drill and display the personnel and material of a household.

The death of John B. Purroy, Esq., is also announced. Mr. Purroy was a Venezuelan lawyer of note in New York, who spoke English and Spanish equally well, and who, therefore, commanded a large share of Spanish practice at the bar. He was interested, we believe, in the White Nicaragua contract across the Isthmus.

DEATH OF HON. RICHARD RUSH.—A telegraphic despatch announces the death of the Hon. Richard Rush, on Saturday morning, 30th ult., at an advanced age. He was the son of Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Rush was appointed Attorney General by President Madison in 1814, upon the resignation of the Hon. Wm. Pinkney, of Maryland. In 1817 he was appointed minister to England by President Monroe, and he afterwards published a volume of his Recollections at the Court of St. James." In 1825 he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by John Quincy Adams, and made an elaborate report in favor of a protective tariff. He was afterwards nominated as a candidate for the Vice Presidency on the same ticket with Mr. Adams, who was defeated for the Presidency by General Jackson; was afterwards identified with Democratic politics, but we believe, never again entered public life.

The experiment of the unknown young Professor was vindicated, and before twelve months had elapsed, it was conceded that Charleston had never before such a Mayor. He revolutionized the entire police system, and introduced the famous mounted guardsmen. His reforms in the municipal affairs of Charleston are regarded as having been of the highest advantage to the city. Gov. Aiken retiring from Congress, Mr. Miles, a year before the expiration of his mayoralty term, was elected to succeed him, without opposition. He has already served one term, and has been re-elected to the next. During his service in the House he has won the respect, esteem, and affection of all thrown in contact with him, and has earned a solid reputation for ability and eloquence, of which his people ought to be proud.

In New York there has been formed a Young Men's Early Rising Association, all the members of which are pledged to be up at a certain hour. It originated with about half a dozen men, who, having kept up this habit for some years, were surprised at its beneficial effects, and at the success in life of their associates.

Ten thousand revolving rifles are now manufacturing at Col. Colt's armory, in Connecticut, for the British government. These are sufficient to arm six regiments.

Our Own Gossip.

EDITED BY "PONINGOE."

There is one thing certain (and that "ain't two things") that there is just as much humor in the world, at the present time, as there ever was; and, in spite of the armistice of Napoleon III, or the agitation of the Presidential question, men and women, and even children, will be, at times, as funny as they can, Dr. Holmes' poem notwithstanding. Just read what "Quirk" tells us in the following on

PERSONAL.

GOD CLOTHES.—Dear Gossip:—Did it ever occur to you that among the various superficialities that form the basis of society, good clothes is the most important item? Fact. Look around you and see if it is not so, and then, if you doubt the truth of my proposition, just try it on some fine afternoon; throw aside your Sunday paraphernalia, and slip into a tuggy that is rather the worse for wear. The coat must be a little seedy, pants ditto, the hat in a shocking bad condition, and your boots patched, and I'll wager my head against the mint that your best friends won't know you. A good coat is a passport into good (?) society, never mind the brains; no matter if Mr. Buchanan is pressing the wearer for that "little bill." Sounds! do you expect a body to pay for good clothes in such times? It is enough that Chinaster Fitznoodle has them without questioning his proprietary interest. What has that to do with the gloss of the cloth, or the silly smirks, and the simpering smiles of the Misses Langish who think Mr. Fitznoodle a charming young man, because he dresses so divinely?

I don't like to find fault with the ladies. Nay, I can place my hand on the left side of my vest and reverently say, I love and respect them as the best and purest gift ever received from the hand of our kind Benefactor; but since Eve set out from Paradise with many trunk nor hand-box the "sex" have become sadly perverted in their taste. Just fancy Mrs. Adam, if you please, with her fig leaf apron by the side of one of our rouged, hooped up belles. Of course, I don't say that I approve of that primitive style of dress: it is approximating too closely upon "nothing to wear." Though for the matter of that, she simply occupied one end of the extreme, while our modern belles have usurped the other, having decidedly, *too much to wear!*

Let me whisper a word in your ear, ladies; don't be afraid; I have several grand-children; am sixty-two, or twenty-six, I positively forget which;—and what I have to say, I will say truthfully. To the point, then. We do prize a lady by her dress, her manners and her conversation, rather than, by her features, the delicacy of her hand, the brightness of her eyes, and those other rhapsodies that nearly crack the poet's brain; excepting, of course, those referred to in the opening paragraph. In forming our estimate, the first invariably governs the others. A Lady's dress, and her manner of neatness; her manners are either natural or affected, and her conversation is an index of her mental qualifications. Let no one ask how much taste is exhibited by a short, dumpy woman who encompasses herself with enormous hoops and curtains her arch with flounces. A very tall one who dresses herself to the resemblance of a pump-handle; one who arranges herself in colors which it is impossible to harmonize—or who is so loosely attired that her clothing seems pitched on with a hay-fork, and smoothed out with a cast iron tongue? Take my word for it, when you observe one of these classes, don't seek a further acquaintance; they are affected in their manners, and their minds are a complete nullity. And yet such women get married! And, oh Jupiter, what work they make of it! Don't hurry wish her *dear, dear wife was in heaven*, or some other good place.

But my dear gossip, when you see a young lady who is dressed with neatness, no matter about the *price* of the goods; without any attempt to show; every fold in its place; every shade nicely blended; who speaks without affectation whose voice is low, gentle, and soft; who mingles the name of a fallen sister with a tear; and who is modest and retiring in her manners, quick! stir yourself, draw on your boots, start in pursuit, and let not sleep visit your eyes, nor slumber your eye-lids until you've captured her. Depend upon it she is the woman for a wife. Just such a one as somebody (who was it?) said was "worth four-and-twenty to her husband." I believe that quotation is correct; though I'm not quite sure about the amount.

And, on the other hand, ladies, when you are wood by a fop, a man who is all clothes and walking stick; full presumption and no brains; it would be as well for you to remember, that his pretensions are as hollow as a stove-pipe, and his whole carcass of less value than a pound of Jersey muck. Truth, every word of it, ladies, or I am not yours, .nd

Very truly, QUINTILIAS QUIRE.
Sing Sing, July, 1859.

We think there is a whole library of truth in the above, and, therefore, take great pleasure in giving it an especial recommendation to our readers, female and otherwise.....In spite of the hot weather, *coup de soleil*, and all such, our own Jenny Mayflower still lives, as may be inferred from the following lively talk about

THE BLUES.—Any man, dear Gossip, who is foolish enough to get the blues ought to be made to suffer a ducking in a mill-pond. The idea of a man, having heart, gizzard, head, feet and hands, getting the dumps, seems, to my way of thinking, to be the climax of everything ridiculous. A man who has not pluck enough to weather the storms consequent on the trials of this life, should be made to eat corn-cob gruel from January to January again. I like to see a man have some "spunk." I like to see him roll up his sleeves (if the road in which he journeys is a hard one to travel) and fight if necessary. That's the man for me, I can tell you. No man who is the opposite of that need ever hope to get a wink of admiration from me. I can assure you. The idea of any man running down hill, why don't he, in the name of common sense, run up the hill? It may be a little more work to do so, but he can do so, if he will. That's the point—if he will. If he won't why he never will. Don't you see how plain the matter is, dear Gossip, and don't you consider it just as ridiculous as I do to see a man go into the "blues," without the most attenuated hope of ever getting out again?

As ever, JENNY MAYFLOWER.

We're on your side, "Jenny," and, if you please, just count us in The other day we were accosted in the street by a seedy looking 'nderwidual, whose hat was in that state of wear-and-tear ability which may claim a near relationship to total-destruction. His pants, coat, vest, shirt, boots, socks, neck-tie, collar and handkerchief were written all over with decay, and he, poor fellow, was "er cent," he begged of us. "Give us a cent!" said we, "what would you do with a cent?" "What do you suppose I'd do with it? buy rum with it? never, for they sell the cheapest kind 'er liquor at three cents 'er glass, and if you should give us 'er cent I'd only have two, and that wouldn't get a feller a snifter." We left the "gentle-man" after that, and we can assure the reader that we had our own thoughts about that "snifter". The following "jingle" comes to us from A. C. W. :

A JINGLE.
In these fast times when crinoline
On all our thoroughfares are seen,
It well becomes a man to think
(As much as it becomes to drink)
Of how the women walk the street
Arrayed in silks and bonnets sweet,
In love with pavements, fashions, trees
And all those sweet felicities,
Which raise in fashion's world a dust
And make ten thousand husbands bust.

That's not quite as bad as it might be. Fast wives drive themselves and husbands to ruin fast: a sad, sad fact as plain as the scales on the back of a "fresh-shad" And now, by the way, we have something good from our old, and much loved, friend 'Wanderer.' It is this:

WILDWOOD COTTAGE,

July 19, 1859.

Remembered Friend Gossip:—Alas! how liable to bitter disappointment are human calculations. I have discovered that somethings will not go as you desire them to, even though you fret and worry yourself into a miniature Niagara or a boiling Sulphur Spring: "It's too bad"—what a feminine expression—to be obliged to write "agin the grain" when you have promised that the next time you wrote the laugh should be on "your side."

Don't you think so, amiable Gossip? I do. But who ever led a determined woman? A voice from somewhere whispers "the one who gave the apple." Well, that's true, perhaps; I dare not say it is true, having as I do a mortal terror of broomsticks with crinolines on the end thereof; but I am inclined to think that St. Patrick would retreat before the serpent that appeared to mother Eve and still appears amongst her sex.

Without further preface I submit the following as being an outrage upon one's feelings!

"Jim" and I had been "down to the village" and having tended to the "animals" proceeded to "tend to ourselves." We retired to our room and prepared for a few hours sleep. Jim was soon under the coverlid shivering like an aspen tree in a gale, but as the night was cool and rainy, I thought the dampness must have penetrated his clothing making him feel a little chilly, and, therefore, concluding it was momentary I said nothing but he jumped into bed and—jumped out again, not like him.

"Snakes! snakes! pitchforks!" I'm poisoned.

I yelled in rapid succession rolling on the floor and dancing about the room for five minutes in the most unapproved style of ground and lofty tumbling.

"Jim" laughed as though he'd never laughed before and at each new antic laughed still more.

A suppressed "he-he-e," from the room adjoining ours told as plain as sound could tell

Only one thing displeased him—
(Just like all the men!)
A thick veil o'er the bonnet
Was fastened just then:
That her fair face was hidden
Provoked him—yes, some—
But he whispered “dear madame,
Do you want to go home?”

And she bowed, but was silent
As round her he threw
His fond arm to protect her,
And tenderly drew
The sweet *dear* closer
And closer, till they
Had successfully threaded
The maze of Broadway.

When her foot touched the curbstone,
She threw back her veil—
And, oh! oh! consternation!
Policeman grew pale!
Then outspoke the fair lady
“Dar, now! lem me go!
Golly! massa perleese, you
Stop a huggin’ me so!”

‘Twas a capital tableau—
Rich, gay and rare!
How he stood—blank—confounded!
His eyes all a-stare;
Thus to find he’d been hugging
A *darkey*—oh yes!
How he started and put, then—
I leave you to guess.

It is no wonder “Di” that he put. But ‘what’ did he ‘put’ for? that’s the question. It would confound most any mortal to meet with that dark species of deception which your poetized “perleese-man” met with, and we could no more stand under such a *mellon-kolly dee zuster* unmurmuringly and tranquilly than we could teach a ring-tail monkey to whistle “Yankee Doodle” or solve problem in geometry. As warm a welcome to ‘Our Own Gossip’ we give you ‘Di,’ as we are capable of offering to anybody, and the oftener we hear from you the more will “think o’ yer.” Mind that now!..... “The Prayer of Mary of Scotland” will appear next week..... “The Old House” is *too old*, it being a gross plagiarism. If “C. P. W.” sends us anything again of the same sort, we’ll let our readers know who he is..... A communication from “Julius Curtis” will appear in our next number..... Till next week, dear Gossips, “good-bye.”

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LIFE'S CHANGES;

OR,

Floy's Story.

BY JULIA SOUTHALL.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MEETING.

If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?
With silence and tears.

Byron.

CHANGES, changes still.

Zillah d' Essars stood within a lighted hall, surrounded by music and mirth. She had been gayest of the gay in that brilliant festival, and her ear was yet ringing with the words of flattery and adulation, her lips still parted in a joyous smile, when suddenly the jewelled crowd and festive hall faded away, and in its stead she beheld her mountain home—the scene of her birth.

Sick and faint, she glided to an obscure seat oppressed by a sense of utter loneliness in that smiling crowd, and she yearned for the past with an eager sorrow known only to those who have no hope of happiness for the future, here or beyond the grave. A hand touched her.

“Zillah,” said her husband, “look yonder!” She looked, and rose involuntarily.

Her lips grew ashy in their whiteness, as her eyes distended and remained immovably fixed upon a group not far distant. A lady, young, beautiful, graceful, stood in the midst of an admiring crowd; apart from the rest, leaning against a pillar was a man, his eyes roving listlessly over the throng, as if in weariness.— These two were Lord and Lady Hartledon.

“Heavens! Zillah, how pale you are!” said Lucien. “You are not looking in the right direction, either. Do you know those two men—yonder? They are coming this way. Look; it is Emmett and Philip Leslie.”

At these names she turned her head. They stood just before her, and as she fixed her gaze upon them, Emmett turned and looked directly in her eyes. The gipsy spoke in a low tone to his companion, who started and grew pale, and then both came towards her.

Philip Leslie—properly, Lord Alston spoke firmly though Zillah’s face brought up a host of memories he would gladly have buried, and no trace of emotion was visible on Emmett’s face.

The color flowed back to her cheek and lip, and Zillah bent her stately head in return to their salutation.

“It is long since we have met, Lord Alston,” she said; “and almost as long since I have seen Lady Hartledon.”

His self-control was perfect as her own, and no quivering muscle betrayed the feelings he hid.

“You have not spoken to her, then?” said the outlaw.

“I have not. What a medley of forms and faces!”

“I cannot conceive,” remarked Lord Alston, “what enjoyment is to be found in these vast crowds.”

“Then why do you frequent them?” asked d’ Essars.

“A man’s own heart may be worse company than he can find in a ballroom;” replied Alston, half mournfully.

“Man is naturally an enemy to himself, and society makes him an enemy to others;” said Lucien.

“I cannot agree with you. Society refines, elevates, brings out the good of our nature; whereas, a man who spends his life in solitude, grows to dislike the presence of his species and becomes a misanthrope.”

“So far,” observed Emmett, “I have not discovered the vast refinement of society. Were a man to pass his life in doing good to his fellow man, so as to become acquainted with the goodness and purity that do exist—somewhere, he would doubtless grow purer and better; but as for what is termed ‘society,’ in what is its refining influence felt? It may teach us to become a hypocrite, but it does not penetrate beneath the surface.”

“There,” said Zillah, “to be good, great, and wise, it is necessary to lead the life of a hermit! History contradicts that.”

Thus they talked, carelessly, aimlessly, those four persons, when their thoughts were wandering away into the silent past, and their hearts were thrilling with bitter memories. Each one’s thoughts reverting to the same subjects; each instinctively guessing the feelings of the other, they yet forced themselves to converse calmly and quietly upon topics which, at that time, could have no interest for them.

Lady Hartledon moved on, radiant with beauty, bright with smiles, until she approached the spot where stood Zillah and her former betrothed, Philip Leslie. She stopped suddenly, and a mistiness came over the large black eyes, which, a moment before, had flashed so brilliantly and proudly.— Her red lip quivered and parted, and then the small teeth clenched firmly, and she recovered her self-possession, and sank indolently upon divan. It was Philip’s face which had so startled her. Zillah d’ Essars, the proud and gifted, was totally unlike the Zillah Sutherland who had reveled, so light-hearted and bird-like, in her old home, and Marcella did not recognise in the beautiful woman the plain dark, gipsy child.

Zillah looked at the woman in a sort of admiration, but she perceived soon that she was not recognised, and she did not care to quicken her cousin’s memory. Emmett, apparently a favored friend of Marcella, presented the latter to her cousin, the child with whom she had played and rambled, long years ago. Lord Alston bowed coldly, but the self-possession of neither was shaken, and those human beings, so suddenly separated, so strangely brought together, acted out their part in the heart-drama, with seeming indifference. A dark cloud settled on Lord Hartledon’s brow, and when addressed his replies were brief and cold.

The intrusion of others broke up the singular group, to the intense gratification of all concerned, and the former friends now bitter enemies, were separated in the crowd—all, but Zillah and Lady Hartledon. Claire’s dying face rose constantly before Zillah, and her gipsy blood boiled with fierce hatred of the beautiful woman at her side, who was smiling gayly as she listened to the light words uttered by her enemy.

Finally, they stood together in a recess, apart from the crowd. “Let us go out into the conservatory,” said Marcella; “it is so warm here.”

“These flowers are very lovely,” remarked Zillah, glancing at the glowing petals.

“Very. What is your favorite flower?”

“The tube-rose. I love the heavy perfume which almost weighs down the flower. Still, it reminds me of evil.”

“In what way?”

“If I should gather these sweet violets and a cluster of those balmy roses, though I should place but a single branch of this perfumed flower amid them, its strong fragrance would overpower the odor of the rest. Even now, in this wilderness of sweets, the perfume of the tube-rose is easily distinguished above the rest.— So with evil. In a happy family one evil spirit will destroy the happiness which once existed, and its resistless influence subdue all of purity and peace. And who can tell the evil that one bad spirit may bring about?”

Marcella shivered.

“You speak bitterly,” she said.

“Have I not cause?” hissed the other. “Marcella Cardosa, do you recognise this?”

Zillah loosed from her neck the ruby cross.

“Zillah!” cried Marcella, as she sank upon her knees at her cousin’s feet, “oh! upon her knees at her cousin’s feet, “oh!

Zillah, forgive me, forgive me, if you would save me from utter despair!”

“The sybil’s prophecy is verified,” replied Zillah, with better triumph, “and Claire is avenged.”

“And Claire! What of her! Oh! Zillah, let me not supplicate in vain! Tell me if Claire forgave me!”

“Claire is dead,” replied the unfortunate.

For a moment there remained a death-like silence in the place, broken only by sounds of mirth from the ball-room.

Then a quick, gasping sob broke from Marcella’s lips.

“Oh! Zillah!” bitterly cried the unhappy woman, as she hid her face in her beloved hands, “you speak truly. The Sybil’s prediction has come true, and Claire is terribly avenged! I shall probably never see you again, Zillah, but think of me, as you know me, broken-hearted amid all my splendor, hopeless and despairing, forever more! AMBITION has been my besetting sin! For wealth and power I have cast away all of happiness and peace; I have trampled down the most hallowed ties; and now, when I have gained my heart’s desire, it is but the Dead-sea fruits, dust and ashes. Admired, fawned upon, and flattered, alone and despairing amid it all, there is nothing now in the wide, wide world that can heal a broken spirit, or keep the hollow heart from paining.”

They parted.

“Am I then so changed?” murmured Zillah, as she looked at her reflection in her own home, that night.

She was not yet divested of her ball dress, and the robe of rich black lace, the graceful wreath of crimson star-eyes that gleamed against her ebony hair contrasted strongly with the pallid face, and the great tears that rolled slowly over it, as she gazed bitterly upon herself.

“If she is unhappy, what more am I?” she thought; and unconsciously repeated her cousin’s despairing words.

“Now, when I have gained my heart’s desire, it is but Dead-sea fruit, dust and ashes. Admired, fawned upon, and flattered, alone and despairing amid it all, there is nothing in the wide, wide world that can heal a broken spirit, or keep the hollow heart from paining.”

And she who had been the most brilliant in the lighted hall sank upon her knees in that luxurious chamber, and wept above the buried past.

CHAPTER XXII.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly impulsive,
Gone to his death.—Hood.

DORD Hartledon strode up and down his richly furnished drawing-room that night. Marcella half sat, half reclined, upon a divan, tapping her small foot impatiently, yet suddenly awaiting his words. He had desired her to remain, as he wished to speak with her, but he had evidently forgotten that she was present, for he continued to walk quickly up and down the room, with his brow contracted and his arms folded behind him. Lady Hartledon rose suddenly.

“You detained me here, my lord,” she said, haughtily, gathering up her rich dress, that rustled and gleamed in the lamp-light; “but as I see nothing very enticing in this apartment, your lordship must pardon me if I retire to rest.”

“Sit down, my lady,” he replied, sadly rather than sternly, for memory was busy.

“You met one to-night—whom I need not mention—whose presence was ill calculated to afford you pleasure. You had opportunities of private conversation with Lord Alston to-night, and doubtless you learned much concerning your—your uncle’s family;”—

“You detained me here, my lord,” she said, haughtily, gathering up her rich dress, that rustled and gleamed in the lamp-light; “but as I see nothing very enticing in this apartment, your lordship must pardon me if I retire to rest.”

Marcella sprang to her feet ere the sentence was finished, her full black eyes flashing indignant fire upon her husband.

“And you dare to address me thus!”

she almost hissed through her clenched teeth. “I, at least, have too much self-respect to seek ‘private interviews’ with a former lover. With all my faults I have enough pride left to keep me above your level!”

“Silence!” he replied, sternly. “To you I have been only too faithful. For you I have wrecked my happiness here and hereafter. But enough of this. In speaking of your meeting with Philip Leslie I had no disposition to insult or wound you, but I was anxious to learn—”

“The fate of one too pure for you?— Whichever has been the result as to my own happiness, heaven mercifully saved her from the misery of becoming your wife. Did you recognise Madame d’ Essars?”

“I did not. How should I?”

“That beautiful and gifted woman is Zillah Sutherland.”

“Zillah!” he cried; hoarsely, “are you speaking the truth?”

“I am.”

“You were with her the greater part of the evening; oh! tell me what has become of Claire!”

Marcella rose again from her seat, and gazed upon him in bitter scorn.

“Zillah!” cried Marcella, as she sank upon her knees at her cousin’s feet, “oh!

her family. All of this I know is, Zillah Sutherland is transformed to Madame d’ Essars, rich, beautiful, admired; of her family I learned but one item, and I answer you in her own words. *Claire Sutherland is dead.*”

He did not speak, but his lips wore an ashen pallor, and a storm of words would have been preferable to that stony silence. Marcella continued:

“How she died I know not, but the cause is easily guessed. Listen to me, now, for I speak to you the last time. I can endure this life no longer. There is no link that binds us together—not even love for our child. You, I know, will not regret my absence. To-morrow I leave you forever. I shall retire to a convent, and spend the remainder of my miserable and ill-spent life in atoning for the past. Farewell. You look upon my face for the last time. I loved you once, and if my thoughts turn to the world when I am in my convent-cell, I shall have forgiven you; for I, too, have been to blame.” She turned and went from the room.

Lord Hartledon had listened as in a stupor, but when she left the apartment he sunk upon a chair and buried his head in his hands.

“She speaks truly,” he murmured, aloud and hoarsely. “I have ruined her happiness and Claire’s too. Why was I born to bring so much of sorrow in the world? Claire is dead, and I killed her. I am certain of it. Ella is wretched and weary of life; and I am the cause.”

“And Zoraida, my lord; you have not forgotten Zoraida?” whispered a mocking voice.

Lord Hartledon sprang to his feet.— Emmett was standing at his side, wrapped in a long cloak.

“Why, Emmett! How came you here?” cried the Earl, astonishment subduing all other feelings. The gipsy threw back his cloak, displaying the wild, magnificent garb which was his outlaw costume.

“I am Saint Leger!” he replied, and in that sentence the guilty man comprehended it all.

“Listen to me;” continued the outlaw. “I am Zoraida’s husband, I am Claire Sutherland’s brother. What can you plead that will awaken mercy in my deadly enemy pitied him.”

“You think of suicide?” said the gipsy.

“I think of nothing. What I do before this awful weight leaves my breast, I know not. I am alone, and in your power. Life is not sweet to me, and, if you will, you may take my life without resistance. It were a just retribution.”

“Poor fool!” sneered Saint Leger.— “I have shed blood, but yours I will not. I did intend, as you know, to have blood for blood; I thought my vengeance sacred. I have had a thousand opportunities to take your life, but in my intercourse with you, and my visits to your family, I have learned to love your child. She is the image of my sister Claire, and for her sake I spare your life. I thought all human feelings were smothered in my heart, but her pure affection—your bright child-angel—has awakened them. Had it not been for Venetia, one drop of this had closed your eyes in the death-sleep, long ago.”

He drew from his bosom a little vial, filled with a liquid clear and colorless as water, which emitted a strong perfume.

“Let me see it,” said Lord Hartledon.

The gipsy placed the vial upon the table, and Hartledon took it up, so that the gaslight sparkled through it.

“How much of this would it take to kill a man?” he asked.

“A single drop is sufficient.”

“Then this sacrifice shall appease your wrath,” said Hartledon, and he raised the deadly poison to his lips, and drank.

Almost instantly a numbness crept over him, and he threw himself upon a couch.

“It is over now; you are avenged;” he said, turning his glassy eyes upon the outlaw.

“Better so,” muttered Saint Leger.— And springing through the window, he closed it after him, and went away in the darkness.

Already it was nearly day, and yet Marcella could not sleep. Early in the morning she prepared to leave her home in pursuance of the plan she had avowed to Lord Hartledon. Passing the drawing-room, the door of which was partially open, a perfume so strong and heavy filled the air that she entered, in order to discover whence it proceeded. The next moment a piercing shriek rang through the silent house.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

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NEW PAPERS.—“The Union Democrat” is the name of a new paper, published in Halifax, North Carolina, by C. C. Nicholson, Editor and Proprietor—Terms \$2 a year.

“The Virginia Echo” is the name of a new Democratic paper, just commenced in Halifax, Virginia, by Howerton & Wright, at \$2 a year.

The Southern Methodist, a first-class Family Newspaper, devoted to News, Literature, Morality, Temperance and Religion, and the interests of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is published weekly in Macon, Georgia, Rev. James Stewart, M.D., Editor and Proprietor.

BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The next annual session of the Roanoke Baptist Association will be held at Bethany Church, about six miles north of Danville, commencing on the Thursday before the fourth Sunday in August.

ENLISTING LADIES.—Wherever the Sons of Temperance have enlisted the ladies in their cause, and permitted them to attend their meetings, the Order has been regenerated and received new life. In Petersburg the Divisions are said to be in a flourishing condition, and recruits are received at every meeting, because ladies are backing them with their presence and their counsel. In Portsmouth the Order is doing very little, simply because the all-powerful aid of woman has been rejected.

[Portsmouth Transcript.]

We respectfully suggest the above plan to our Charlotte Sons of Temperance, believing that if the ladies were to attend regularly much would be accomplished.

Bulletin.

The Division in Greensboro' was in a languishing condition, and the experiment was tried; the initiations since have been scores. It works well.—It gives influence to the order it never had before.

LAVING OF CORNER STONE.—The corner stone of the new Methodist Episcopal Church edifice in Charlotte will be laid with appropriate ceremonies, on Wednesday, the 17th instant, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when an address will be delivered by Rev. J. T. Wightman, of Columbia, S. C. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

ARRIVAL DIRECT.—Among the arrivals reported to-day, (says the Wilmington Journal of the 25th ult.) we notice with pleasure that of the brig Mary McRae, from Rio de Janeiro, to O. G. Parsley & Co., with two thousand bags Coffee.

We sincerely trust that this enterprise may meet with such encouragement as will justify these parties and others in going into and continuing a direct trade, so much to be desired in every way.

By the way, we have learned from a competent disinterested party, that the Coffee is of the very best quality—a highly desirable lot in every way.

GULF SQUADRON.—Edwin L. Dick, Engineer U. S. Navy, son of Judge Dick of this place, has been ordered to report himself on board the Ship Mohawk, New York, intended for the Home Squadron, Gulf of Mexico.

Prof. Foote, of the Medical College at Cincinnati, has recently obtained from this State two rattlesnakes, two bull snakes one spreading adder one black racer, and one joint snake. These snakes are said to be fine specimens. They are to be used to test newly discovered remedies for the bite of venomous serpents.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW FOR JULY, contains eight articles, in addition to the usual copious account of Contemporary Literature which forms a valuable appendix to every number. *What Knowledge is of most Worth?* *The Influence of Local Causes on National Character.* *Jouett and Broad Church.* *Life of a Conjurer.* *Government of India, its Liabilities and Resources.* *The Recollections of Alexander Von Sternberg.* *The Roman Question and Austrian Intervention.* The last two articles carry us into Italy, and have all the advantage over the hasty comments and unripe speculations of the newspapers of the day, which a careful and methodical arrangement of fact and argument is sure to confer.

Published by Leonard Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York, who also re-

print the London Quarterly, North British, and Edinburgh Reviews, and Blackwood's Magazine; at \$3 a year singly, or \$10 a year for the whole five Periodicals.

All these Periodicals commencing volumes with issues for July the present is a convenient time to subscribe. For \$10 we will send the above publications and ‘The Times’ gratis one year.

FARMER'S BANK.—We have been shown proof impressions of the new bills of the Farmer's Bank—three, four, five and ten. We never saw more beautiful bills, both in design and execution. They will be ready for circulation about the first of September, and we would take it as a special favor, if some kind friends were to make up several clubs for the Times and send us a handfull of these beautiful bills in payment.

The August Elections.

NORTH-CAROLINA.—The election in North-Carolina on Thursday last were for representatives in Congress. We have

returns sufficient to indicate the successful candidate in each district. 1st Smith over Shaw, Whig gain; 2nd Rufin re-elected without opposition; 3rd Winslow re-elected over McDuffie opposition democrat; 4th Branch re-elected over Sanders opposition democrat; 5th, Gilmer re-elected with a largely increased majority over Williams dem, and Waddell, opposition whig; 6th, Leach beat Seales (old member) by large majority; 7th Craigie re-elected over Walkup; 8th, Vause re-elected over Coleman: The list stands four Democrats and four Whigs.

KENTUCKY.—Magoffin, dem., is believed to be elected Governor by from 5,000 to 7,000 majority. The present Governor Morehead, American.

The Legislature is democratic, and the Congressmen, it is believed, stand as follows:—First district, Burnett, dem; second district, Peyton, dem; third district, Brystow, opp; fourth district, Anderson, opp; fifth district, Brown, dem; sixth district, Garrard, dem; seventh district, Mallory, opp; eighth district, Simms dem; ninth district, Moore, dem; tenth district, Stevenson, dem. This is a democratic loss of one member. Simms dem., is elected in the 8th (Ashland) district by 72 majority.

ALABAMA.—A. B. Moore, dem., is re-elected Governor by a large majority.—The democrats are believed to have elected all the Congressmen, as follows:—First district, James A. Stallworth, se-
cond district, James L. Pugh; third district, David Clopton; fourth district, Sydenham Moore; fifth district, George S. Houston; Sixth district, W. R. W. Cobb; seventh district, J. L. M. Curry. Pugh and Clopton are new members.—All the others were members of the last Congress, and the whole delegation then, as now democrats.

TENNESSEE.—Returns from sixteen counties give Netherland, the opposition candidate for Governor, a net gain of about 2,300.

In the 5th district Hatton, opp, and in the 8th district Quarles, opp, are elected to Congress. In the 10th district Avery, dem., and in the 3d and 9th districts Branson and Etheridge, opposition, are probably elected. The two latter are gains for the opposition.

TEXAS.—New Orleans, August 4th. Late advices from Texas say that the election was progressing quietly. The city of Galveston gave Rundells, regular democrat, for Governor, a small majority over Houston.

Aug. 5.—Further returns from Texas show general gains for Houston, that the probabilities are he is elected.

Miss Florence Nightingale is so extremely ill that the worst results are apprehended. Her strength is diminishing sadly. She has been moved from Highgate to London, but is now confined to her room.

OUR SCHOOLS:—The fall sessions of our schools have commenced—the College the 28th July, and Edgeworth the 3rd inst. We are glad to learn that both schools are in a flourishing condition; the College has nearly 130 boarders, being about thirty more than was ever present thus early in any former session. Edgeworth has as yet only 30 boarders, but we understand engagements have been made for nearly as many as can be accommodated. Our schools are unsurpassed by any in the country, and we are glad to see them so highly appreciated. The locations are healthy and pleasant, the faculties full and able, and every advantage is offered desirable.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

The following officers sailed from New York on Friday in the California steamer, to join the United States steamer Saginaw, at the navy yard, Mare Island, California:—Commander J. F. Schenck; Lieutenants N. C. Bryant, J. J. Waddell, M. C. Campbell; Master, Charles J. McDougal; Surgeon, S. F. Cone; engineers, Kutz, Thompson, Roble; commander's clerk, Woodhall Schenck.

The crew of the United States steamer Vixen were paid off on Friday at the Brooklyn yard. Orders have been received to put the Vixen out of commission, and to dock her for repairs.

A detachment of United States marines arrived at Boston from Washington on Thursday. They are to compose a new guard for the sloop-of-war Savannah, which vessel recently returned from the Gulf of Mexico, in consequence of the sickness of her crew. The Savannah will be supplied with healthy substitutes for her invalids, and will return to the Gulf in a short time.

The United States brig Bainbridge, Capt. Woodhull, was at Montevideo June 14th, to sail for Buenos Ayres soon; also brig Perry, Capt. Tilgham, arrived June 11th for Buenos Ayres.

Advices from the East India squadron state that Dr. Philips, of the United States steam frigate Mississippi had been appointed Deputy United States Consul at Simoda, Japan, during the absence of Mr. Townsend Harris at Kanagawa.

A SOUTHERN NABOB.—Col. J. A. S. Aikin, of Mississippi, is about erecting a private residence at his plantation, opposite Red River Landing, which is designed to cost \$150,000—\$125,000 more for the furniture and furnishing. The following is the plan of this immense edifice: The style of the edifice is castellated gothic; with a frontage on the river of 164 feet, on the two side wings of 104 feet, and a center compartment of 229 feet deep, surmounted by a lofty and beautifully proportioned tower. The building will contain fifty rooms, exclusive of closets, bath rooms, ward-robe etc., spacious and ample provided with all the modern improvements in comfort and elegance. All the walls of the building are to be double, with passages inside.

Oregon has adopted a State seal. The escutcheon is supported by thirty-three stars and divided by an ordinary, with the inscription, “The Union.” In relief—mountains, an elk with branching antlers, a wagon, the Pacific Ocean, on which a British man-of-war is departing and an American steamer arriving. The second quartering with a sheaf, plough, and pick-axe. Crest—the American eagle—Legend—the State of Oregon.

The New Orleans Picayune says that the American surveyors of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, in their explorations on the Pacific coast, discovered the ruins of an ancient city within a few miles of the sea. The surveying party brought back a large number of terra-cotta idols, musical instruments, silver rings, *bas reliefs*, &c., all of which indicate an advance condition of civilization among the aboriginal people of Mexico.

During the month of July 79 vessels arrived at Wilmington, N. C.

“Why, George, what are you hoeing in the garden for at this time o'night?”

“Well, I was awful dry, mother, and don't the Bible say, ‘Ho, every one that thirsteth?’”

DIED.

In this place, Monday evening, after three week's sickness J. H. Hutchinson, from Connecticut. The deceased was a traveling agent for a Northern business house, and if his friends see this notice it may soften the stroke of their affliction to know he was fully cared for by our citizens in sickness and in death. A few days before his death he professed to have found peace with God, and died trusting in Christ. He was interred in the Methodist cemetery.

In this place, Tuesday morning, the youngest child and only son of Rev. Wm. H. Bobbitt, of the North Carolina Conference.

Near Trinity College, Sunday last, John S. Brown, aged about forty years.

MARRIED.

In Hertford, N. C. on the 3rd of August by Rev. L. M. Lee, D. D., of Virginia Conference, Mr. J. R. WHARTON of Greensboro, to Miss MATTIE L. TURNER of Hertford.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines [or 100 words] for one week \$1.00 for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

| 3 MONTHS. | 6 MONTHS. | 1 YEAR. |
|---|-----------|---------|
| One square, \$ 5.00 | \$ 7.00 | \$12.00 |
| Two squares, 9.00 | 14.00 | 22.00 |
| Three " 12.00 | 18.00 | 30.00 |
| Half column 20.00 | 30.00 | 50.00 |
| One column 34.00 | 50.00 | 70.00 |
| Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum, \$5.00 | | |

FROM C. C. TROWBRIDGE, Esq., President Michigan State Bank.

Detroit, August 30, 1850.

DR. GEO. B. GREEN. Dear Sir.—Having been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and having been cured as I believe by your *Oxygenated Bitters*, I most cheerfully attest their efficacy. My case was a bad one. In the space of four months I lost my strength, and forty-seven pounds of flesh, was compelled to abandon business, and remained an invalid for fifteen months. Travelling, absence from office duty, had done something for me, but there seemed little probability of a cure until I began to take the Bitters. In one week I was greatly relieved, and in three weeks I was perfectly well, and have since regained thirty pounds of flesh. You are at liberty to use this, if it will at all further your laudable purpose of diffusing this valuable remedy. Respectfully yours,

C. C. TROWBRIDGE.

Such certificates as the above, are not to be obtained in favor of a medicine destitute of merit, but are only given upon the most satisfactory proofs of their efficacy and success.

SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents every where.

FAIR NOTICE.—Those indebted to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn, & Co., by Note or Account must settle up by the first of September, or their accounts will be placed in the hands of an Officer for collection.

J. W. DOAK, SUR. PARTNER.

Aug. 8th 1850. 32-tf.

AN AGENCY FOR THE SALE OF



WM. KNABE & CO'S CELEBRATED PIANOS.

Established in Wilmington, N. C.

HAVING SECURED THE AGENCY FOR the sale of the above unrivaled instruments, we invite the attention of all who

want a FIRST CLASS PIANO (and no other is worth buying) to the fact, and respectfully solicit the most intelligent and critical examination of the instruments now on exhibition. These Pianos have secured more Premiums than any other manufacture. They are fully endorsed by such names in the musical world as Thalberg, Strakosch, Satter, Vieuxtemps, best in the most distinguished Professors and Amateurs in the country.

There are hundreds of families in North Carolina where these Pianos are used. We name a few out of Wilmington: Hon. L. O. B. Branch, S. W. Cole, Esq., Gen. G. M. Leach, Carolina Female College, Salem Academy, Rev. R. Burwell, Hillsboro', Rev. T. Campbell, Salisbury, Professor Woolie of Greensboro Female College &c.

In Wilmington we refer to the following gentlemen who have Knabe's Pianos in use: Geo. Myers, Esq., F. D. Poisson, Esq., Griffith J. McRee, Esq., and others. We deliver these Pianos in Wilmington at the published rates of the Manufacturers. Every instrument has the full iron frame, and is fully warranted.

One thing we wish distinctly understood. They have never failed to secure the HIGHEST PREMIUMS, whenever brought in competition with others!

Pianos now in store, just received, and can be delivered immediately, by

GEO. H. KELLEY,

(jy. 30-ly) Agent for Wm. Knabe & Co.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA.

FACULTY.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.

S. Lander, A. M., Treasurer, and Professor of Latin and Mathematics.

Theo. F. Wolfe, Professor of Music.

W. C. A. Freerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.

Mrs. Lucy Jones, Miss Bettie Carter, Miss E. E. Morris, Miss A. M. Hagen, Miss L. C. Van Vleck, Miss M. A. Howlett, Miss Pattie Cole, Rev. J. Bethel, Mrs. J. Bethel, Miss J. Jeffreys.

Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

"WHIP BEHIND!" "WHIP BEHIND!"

Dear Children.—As I sat at my window, a few days ago, I saw an omnibus, with four horses attached, come lumbering through the street at a rapid pace. Following it were three little boys running as fast as their legs could carry them, evidently intent on getting a ride upon the steps. Two of them succeeded in overtaking the vehicle, and after riding a short distance one of the boys pushed the other off and he fell sprawling in the street; while the third boy, having given up the chase, shouted at the top of his voice "whip behind," "whip behind!" As the one who had fallen off on the hard pavement did not get up immediately I hastened to assist him, and found, as I feared, he was seriously injured, for he was unable to speak. His poor distressed mother soon came running and after she bathed the little fellow's head with cold water and wiped the blood from his face he revived enough to walk home. It was well for him that matters were no worse for he might have been killed outright.

Now I have no doubt my little readers would all say that the boy who caused the little fellow to fall, was very bad boy, and so he was; but he was not the only one who was blameworthy. They were all guilty of wrong doing in trying to steal a ride, and at the same time, no doubt were violating the command, which says "Honor thy father and thy mother," by disobeying their parents; and then the boy who shouted "whip behind" showed a very malicious disposition, for evidently he wished another to be punished for the same act he was trying to commit himself. When I returned to my room and sat thinking about poor human nature as exhibited in the conduct of those boys I remembered some short sentences which I clipped from a newspaper some time ago, intending to give them to some little boy. The first sentence relates to the very act of which these boys were guilty and as the others will do you no harm I have concluded to have them printed in the Times so that all my little readers can have a copy of them. Here they are:

IT DOES NOT LOOK WELL.

To see little boys jumping up behind carriages, cars, and omnibuses; it is dangerous and vulgar. You never see a gentlemanly boy indulging in such rowdyism.

It does not look well to see boys deface walls, doors, and tables, by writing and drawing figures on them. Especially it is wicked and vulgar to deface the house of God, by writing and drawing on the pews.

It does not look well to see children standing around the church door on the Sabbath; it is God's day, and God's house,—you should take your seat in time and be ready for worship. Standing at the church door reflects discredit on your parents and yourself.

It does not look well to see children reading papers, tracts, or books, in church during service. It is an act of disrespect to your pastor, and an insult to your God.

It does not look well for children to take a seat in the gallery, or in neighbor's pew, when there is abundant room in your own pew, and with your parents. It looks as though you were anxious to be from under your parents' eye.

It does not look well for boys to enter the house of God with their hats on, it shows too little reverence for the place.

IT DOES NOT SOUND WELL

To hear children talk heavily in school or in church, respect for superiors and the place should make you quiet.

It does not sound well to hear children slam the doors, or make an unnecessary bustle in the house, it is a sign that you are not well bred, or that you have bad taste.

It does not sound well to hear children talk in Sabbath school, or in church during prayer; it shows a great want of reverence.

It does not sound well to hear children use slang words or phrases,—it betrays a vulgar taste.

It does not sound well to hear children

speak to parents or superiors in a loud disrespectful tone.

It does not sound well to hear children use profane expressions,—it shows that you do not reverence and fear God, nor respect man.

It does not sound well to hear brothers and sisters speak unkindly to each other—where there is so tender a relation there should be great kindness.

It does not sound well to hear children complain of their food and raiment,—it is a sure sign that they are not thankful to God nor to their parents for the comforts they enjoy.

"I'VE GOT ORDERS NOT TO GO."

"I've got orders, positive orders, not to go there; orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth, who was being tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon.

"Come, don't be so womanish—come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got; come, show 'em to us, if you can; show us your orders."

John took out a wallet from his pocket, and pulling out a neatly folded paper, "It's here," he said, unfolding the paper, and showing it to the boys. They looked, and one of them read aloud: "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of wicked men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid me going with you; they are God's orders, and by his help I don't mean to break them."

GOOD HABITS LASTING.

Soon after I was settled in the ministry I was appointed a member of the school committee of the place where I lived. In frequent visits to one of the schools, I took notice of a boy whose clothing was very coarse and showed many patches, but still was clean and neat throughout. His habits were remarkably quiet and orderly, and his manners very correct. His disposition was evidently generous and kind, and his temper mild and cheerful, as he mingled with his schoolmates at play, or joined their company on the road.

When last I saw him in New-England, he was on his way to school. His appearance still bespoke the condition of his poor and widowed mother, and his hat was but a poor protection against either sun or rain; but as I passed him, he lifted it with an easy but respectful action a pleasant smile and cheerful "good morning," which unconsciously to himself, made the noble boy a perfect model of genuine good manners. His bow, his smile, and heart. When last I saw him thirty years had passed, and I was on a visit to the West. The boy had become a distinguished lawyer and statesman; but this bow, and his smile, and kind greeting were just the same of those of the barefoot boy with the shocking bad hat.

A NOBLE BOY.

We met a bright little fellow in Boston the other day, whose conduct was of a most refreshing nature, in these days of rampant selfishness, and which left an impression upon our memory that cannot be easily effaced. Not more than eight or ten summers had passed over his head, and yet his act would have gilded with beauty and manliness any human being of any age. He was neatly clad, and his manners clearly indicated good training. A little girl, four or five years of age, in attempting to cross the street near the Winthrop House, fell, and besides badly soiling her dress, hurt herself. Her dress and every thing about her, showed that she was the child of poor parents, and she was sadly bewailing her condition, when our hero approached her, and after, with boyish artlessness, asking her name and where she lived, took her by the hand, and with a countenance which reflected the benevolence of his nature, started for the home of his little charge, she seeming to forget her dirty dress and hurts under the escort of her chivalrous gallant, whose noble conduct elicited the admiration of the bystanders, drawing from them such remarks as "He's a fine boy;" "That's a noble little fellow." And so he is, God bless him, and if he lives to be a man, and does not make himself known to the world, it will not be for the want of a kind and generous nature and, as we believe, a good mother.—*Fall River Monitor.*

THE GREAT EASTERN.

The London Times says the Great Eastern has been getting on wonderfully during the past few weeks. The three iron masts rise 122 feet above the upper deck, and have a diameter of 3 feet 6 inches for a height of 70 feet, when they decrease gradually to 2 feet 6 inches at the cap. The three wooden masts, which are also in their places, are not built masts, but are single "sticks." The fore and mizzen masts are 140 feet in height, and they are 34 inches in diameter at the deck; the jigger-mast is 122 feet in height, and of the same diameter. The trees which formed these masts were New Zealand pines.

The National Grand Lodge of Colored Masons of the United States are now in session at Cincinnati, the attendance being large.

Refreshing showers fell on Saturday.

Salad for the Solitary.

With brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

A young fop who had just begun to shave for a beard, stepped into a barber shop, and after a grand swagger desired to be shaved.

The barber went through the usual movements, and the sprig jumped up with a flourish, exclaiming:

"My foyn fellow, what is your charge?"

"No charge," replied the barber.

"No charge? How's that?"

"Why, I'm always thankful that I can get a soft piece of calf's skin to sharpen my razor on."

Our system of education favors precocity, as the specimens which follow will illustrate:

A shrewd little fellow, who had just begun to read Latin, astonished his master by the following translations:

"Vir, a man, *Gin*, a trap; *Virgin*, a man-trap."

Teacher.—(to Bob Smithers). Spell admittance.

Bob.—Admit, admit, tance, tance admittance.

Teacher.—Good! give the definition.

Bob.—Twenty-five cents—niggers and children half-price—front seats for ladies—no smoking allowed.

A book about the United States has been published in Germany, in which the author mentions, among other equally interesting facts, that thieves are so scarce in this country that a reward is offered for the discovery of one.

"Ah, Pat, Pat," said a school mistress to a thick headed urchin, into whose muddy brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet. I am afraid you will never learn anything. Now what's that letter, oh?"

"Sure and I don't know ma'm," replied Pat.

"Thought you might have remembered that."

"Why, ma'm?"

"Because it has a dot over the top of it."

"Ooh, ma'm, I mind it well, but sure I thought it was a fly speck."

"Well, now remember, Pat it's I?"

"You ma'm?"

"No not U, but L."

"Not I, but you, ma'm—how's that?"

"Not, I, but you, blockhead."

"Fool! fool!" exclaimed the pedagogues almost bursting with rage."

"Just as you please," quickly returned Pat, "fool" or "blockhead"—it's no matter as long as yer free to own it."

Here is a fact not generally known; there are thirty-two bones, neither more or less, in all the divisions of the human body. Thus, there are thirty-two teeth, thirty-two spinal junctions, and so on.

The congregational society of Winstead Conn., at a recent church meeting, were talking about settling a young man, fresh from a theological school, as pastor, when a plain spoken, but sensible old farmer remarked that, for his part he was "tired of breaking in steers!"

A drunken wretch went to hear a Universalist preach. The preacher argued that no matter how degraded or abandoned a man might be, he still would be saved. The drunkard became much interested in a doctrine which left him room for hope. Unfortunately, however, in the midst of the argument the speaker's mind became clouded and confused, and he commenced blundering and staggering as though about to break down. The drunkard seeing this arose, and supporting himself against the wall, cried out: "Put her through, Bob, or I'm a goner!"

Mrs. POYSER'S PROVERBAL PHILOSOPHY.—Folks must put up wi' their own kin as they do wi' their own noses, it's their own flesh and blood. I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men. Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strinkin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside.

"Mother, I heard sissy swear."

"What did she say?"

"She said she was going to wear her darning stockings to church to-morrow."

Come here, Master Temmy, do you know your A, B, C's? "Yiz, zut, I know a bee sees."

Go without your dinner, and see if you don't feel happy when it is supper time.

Sturgeon must be a pleasant fish to eat, if the Philadelphia Gazette tells the truth. It says "the fish tastes very much like siccus sponge, and imparts to the breath an odor like that of onions and guano mixed."

The National Grand Lodge of Colored Masons of the United States are now in session at Cincinnati, the attendance being large.

Refreshing showers fell on Saturday.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is affixed in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners, nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, called and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanician, the farmer, and the house keeper.

TO CLEAR A ROOM OF MOSQUITOES.—A writer in a South Carolina paper says: "I have tried the following and find it works like a charm. Take of gun camphor, a piece about one-third the size of an egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite.

The smoke will soon fill the room, and expel the mosquitoes. One night, I was terribly annoyed by them, when I thought of and tried the above, after which I never saw nor heard them that night, and the next morning there was not one to be found in the room, though the window had been left open all night."

CLEANING SILK.—The following is said to be an excellent recipe for cleaning silks:—Pare three Irish potatoes into thin slices and wash them well. Pour on them a half pint of boiling water, and let it stand till cold; strain the water and add to it an equal quantity of alcohol. Sponge the silk on the right side, and when half dry, iron it on the wrong side. The most delicate-colored silk may be cleaned by this process, which is equally applicable to cloth, velvet or crapes.

TO IMITATE ROSEWOOD.—Take half a pound of red sanders and the same weight of logwood and boil them in one gallon of water for one hour, then strain the liquor through a cloth and add half an ounce of alum, in powder, and stir until it is dissolved. This stain is now to be applied hot to the wood with a sponge, and it makes the reddish tinge of rosewood.

When dry, the dark stain for the blackish streaks is made with a liquid obtained by boiling one pound of logwood for an hour in the same quantity of water as the above, and using it in the same manner.

The dark stain can be made jetblack by adding a quarter of an ounce of coppeas to the pure logwood.

TO STOP MOUSE HOLES.—Stop mouse holes with plugs of common hard soap, and you will do it effectually, rats, roaches and ants will not disregard it.

TO KEEP TIRES TIGHT ON WHEELS.—I desire to publish to the world my method of keeping tires tight on wheels.

I ironed a wagon some years ago for my own use; before putting on the tires, I filled the timber with linseed oil: the tires have worn out, and were never loose.

I ironed a buggy for my own use, seven years ago, and the tires are as tight now as when put on.

My method is to soak in linseed oil for one hour; it would be much better if the oil was heated. The timber should be thoroughly dry as green timber will not take the oil.

Care should be taken that the timber is well filled with the oil, the water will not effect it and the timber will be much more durable.

I was amused some time ago, when I told a blacksmith of the method, as he replied

that it was profitable to tighten tires

and I suppose the wagon maker will say

that it is profitable to make and repair wheels. But what will the farmer say?

—[Ex.]

TO PREVENT SKIPPERS IN HAMS.—Sew them up in bags made of cotton osnaburgh and white wash them or size them with a thick starch made of flour or meal; this will prevent the fly from depositing the eggs which form the skippers which are in our mid climate the first mild weather in January or February. The hams should be taken at once from the pickle and secured; if this precaution is not observed in smoking, the skipper eggs will often be found, even when every other precaution has been observed.

Insects must lead a truly joyful life.

Think what it must be to lodge in a lily.

Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with columns of silver and capitals of gold, all

exhalting such a perfume as never arose from human censor. Fancy again,

the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by

the gentle sighs of a summer's air, and

nothing to do when you awake but to

wash yourself in a dew drop and fall to

eat your bed clothes.

RAISING VESSE